

THE  
**Ambitious Statesman,**  
OR THE  
**LOYAL FAVOURITE.**

As it was acted at the

**Theatre-Royal.**

By His  
**MAJESTIES SERVANTS**

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*Written by* Mr. CROWNE.

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The Second EDITION.

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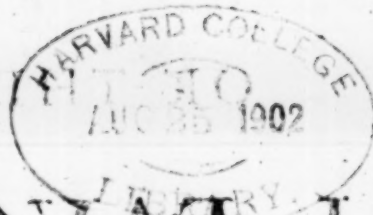
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THE

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LOYAL FAVORITE

Subscription fund of 1902.  
As received at the

Theatre-Royal

By His

MAJESTIES SERVANTS

WILLIAM M. CHAMBERLAIN

The Second Edition

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TO HER  
**GRACE,**  
THE

Dutcheſs of Albemarle.

**P**OETRY ſeem's on Earth, Madam, in the condition of the Philoſopher's Muſick in the Heavens, placed in a vaſt, Solitude where there is nothing to hear it but ſome few Angels that move thoſe Heavens.

The Earth wants no Inhabitants; but whiſt thoſe Inhabitants want ſence 'tis as ſolitary as the Heavens; and a Poet ſings like a Bird in the Deſert. Yet there are ſome Angels and Excellent Spirits below, and in the firſt Rank of 'em is your Grace.

What Angels are, we know not; but when we wou'd make 'em viſible to our thoughts, we dreſs e'm up in ſuch Qualities as Nature and Fortune have beſtowed on your Grace; excellent Wiſdom, great Power, boundleſs Generoſity, and profound Humility; and they, to requite our good thoughts of 'em, when they make themſelves viſible to our  
Eyes;

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Eyes assume such Beauty as yours. Then since we bestow on them all the Excellencies of your Mind, and they borrow all the Beauties of your Body, we may very well lend your Grace their Name.

And in this, Madam, I do not flatter you, but my self; I do not advance you above what you are, but I raile my self among those who were honoured to be the Entertainers of Angels, but with this difference: They knew not their Guests, and so were to be pardoned their Unleavened Bread, and their fatted Calves; else a foolish Beast had been an absurd Treat for a Creature, who was all Mind, and that Mind all Wisdom.

But all the World knows your Graces delicate Spirit, and therefore my Hospitality becomes my Crime. I set before your Grace unpleasant Fruit, that blossom'd in a Stormy time, and so had much ado to grow, and never cou'd be Ripe.

The Sun seldom shines on a Poet's Orchard, We talk much of Shades, and we always live in 'em. If we soar, 'tis but to sing like Larks; and though our Notes are heard, our selves are invisible, and our Nests are always on the Ground. Our Wit, like the Pine Tree, affects desolate Places, barren Rocks, and steep Mountains, and to shoot high in the Air, and meet those Winds which shake its Fruit to the Earth, where Toads creep over it, and Beasts devour it. That a Poet at no time, but especially at this miserable time, is fit to Entertain any but himself.

We cannot think our soft Songs shou'd be heard, when  
Church-

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Church-Musick grumbles with loud and unpleasant Discords, and the whole State seems out of Tune.

But, Madam, I have for my Excuse, I design not so much an Entertainment, as a Sacrifice. And I am very safe, since I agree with the whole Kingdom in Faith and Worship. I think there are no Dissenters that will not fully joyn with me in paying all manner of Honours to the Dutchess of Albemarle; A Princess whose Excellencies of Mind are as great and eminent as her Quality.

Many Tests are made to try Men's Faith; I think the Honour Men have for your Grace is the best Test to prove their Understandings. This is an ill time to erect Images for Worship, and the Porch of a trifling Play an ill place for so glorious a Thing as the Image of your Grace.

'Tis true, I have very often seen Great Persons lye in such Porches, begging the Charity of well disposed Passengers, to give their Names a poor Subsistence. 'Tis a sad sight to see Persons of Honour in so wretched a condition, that they have no dwelling for their Names, but are forced to lodge 'em in the Hovels of Miserable Scriblers, and on the Straw of a little Flattery. I shall not presume to place the worst Statue of your Grace among such poor Company. I only beg leave to be my own Porter, and stand at the Gate of my Work in your Grace's Livery, that if any enter, they may not dare to sully the Apartments that belong to your Grace, and where you may sometimes be-pleased to walk.

And



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

And that your Grace may be encouraged sometimes to walk in 'em, they are adorn'd with an Image of a Vertue, to which your Grace is nearly allyed both by Blood and Marriage.

Loyalty, a Vertue of which the Duke of Newcastle, your Grandfather, and the Duke of Albemarle, the Father of your Illustrious Lord, were the most Glorious Examples that ever were, or ever shall be in the World. They were the Two Hercules Pillars of Honour and Loyalty, beyond which none can travel. Beyond them, all is Sky, Air, and Sea; bright Notion, empty Imagination, and fluctuating Fancy.

The Duke of Newcastle was a Pillar like that of Seth, erected before the great Flood of Rebellion, withstood all the Fury of it, and when it cou'd no longer support the Throne, it supported it self, and lifted up its Head above the Waves, when the Waves cover'd the highest Mountains, and our Palaces far under Water were become the Habitations of Monsters. This Pillar out-lasted the Flood, and on it were engraven all that cou'd be done by Arms, and all that cou'd be written by Wit. And to that Eternall Monument of Wit, Valour and Loyalty, the Muses and the Heroes of all Ages shall repair, to pay their grateful Devotions, to read their Instructions, and consecrate their Wreaths.

The Duke of Albemarle was a Pillar, which Nature and Fortune erected by wonderful Art under the Waters, when there seemed not the least Foundation for such a Work, and the Work impossible. Few saw it, till it  
was

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

was finished; then it appeared to all, and the Throne was established upon it. Then did the Waters sink to their proper places, the infernal Lakes and Springs whence they came: Then Men began to plant Vineyards, and to rejoyce in the Increase of the Earth, and the Fruit of their Labours.

On these two Columns, shining with Gold, but more excellent in the glorious Works engraven on'em, stood the Palace of the British Sun.

And now, Madam, it cannot be displeasing to your Grace, to look sometimes on the Image of that Vertue to which you are so nearly allied, and from which you derive such a vast Inheritance of Glory. And truly at this time both Image and Substance seem to need Protection, when some are endeavouring to reduce again the Substance to an Image.

But that is too sad a Note to dwell upon, I shall leave it, and humbly beg, that Poetry, though here poorly clad, may have leave to lye at your Gates, because 'tis of the same Nation and Kindred with that Fair Quality which the Duke of Newcastle took into his Bosom, and Crown'd.

Then, when the World shall see how your Grace delights to Honour it, that Destruction shall never reach it, now and always intended it, by the mighty Empire of Fools.

B

Then

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

Then shall my Muse, though often sleeping, as often  
stumbling, and always in the dark, be secure under the  
Roof of your Grace's Favour, and walk boldly and plea-  
santly with such a Light shining round it, as the Title  
I beg, of

Madam,

Your Graces most

obedient, humble

Servant,

**JOHN CROWNE.**

**THE**





T H E

# P R E F A C E.

**T**HIS Play, which I think the most Vigorous, of all my foolish Labours, was born in a time so unhealthy to Poetry; that I dare not venture abroad without as many Cloaths as I can give it, to keep it warm. Let this excuse then serve to cover some of the nakedness and deformities of it, that they are not so much mine as the Faults of the troublesome times. I alwayes expected to be assaulted by Enemies, but I did not expect they should drop out of the Clouds. I had heaped together all the Fancy I had to place my self out of the reach of my Enemies, but as I was building my Babel, those things which disordered greater matters than these, confounded my Language, and made me give over my work, that is the end of the Play, you will find me descended into the Plains, and layn down weary and fainting. But where I shew least wit, I shew

## *The Preface.*

most wisdom, for there I take my ease, and elsewhere I take pains to none, or very little purpose. To please Friends is hard, to please my Self more difficult, but to please my Enemies impossible. How foolish then is my toyl? Few Friends are made by Poetry, but many Enemies, and amongst 'em a most powerful one, *Fortune*.

*Fools* damn good Playes, and *Fortune* good Poets. He may not be the best, but I am sure he is the wisest Poet who writes so that he can scarce be discovered to be a Poet; then *Fortune* will be afraid to shoot at him, lest she wound one of her own party, the Fools. Much is lost by Poetry; Time, Pains, and often Friends: Nothing is gotten but a little Reputation, and that some envious Enemies of ours will rather fling to the Doggs than let us have it, witness the silly malice of some Adversaries of mine, who because my *Epilogue* had great success, wou'd let any thing rather than me be the Author; though I had succeeded *Shovel* in the same kind in my *Epilogues* to both my *Jerusalems*, since my Enemies are such little creeping Creatures, as not to dare to look in the Face of a good Play, but to bite at the Tayl, 'tis a shame to oppose 'em.

To those who perhaps thinking themselves wiser than others, will not accept of my excuse of Laziness and Discouragement; for the inequalities of the Play,

## *The Preface.*

Play, but ascribe 'em to my want of Judgement ; I shall only say, supposing their Charge were true, I know no Poet, that like a Bird of *Paradise*, lives all-ways in the Air and never lights, or if he does, he must sleep there sometimes. Did a man take Eternity to write in ; though there be perfection in Eternity, there is none in Man ; and he wou'd be giddy and fall in going that vast round, especially if he always look'd upwards.

---

**THE**

---



# THE PROLOGUE,

**H**OW? A new Play? is this a time for Plays?  
 Wit was a wretched thing in it's best dayes,  
 A fair poor Wife, which only had a white  
 And tempting Skin, which Vermine love to bite.  
 But now the Nation in a tempest rowles,  
 And Old St. Peters, justles with St. Pauls,  
 And whilst these two great Ladys fight and braule,  
 Pick pocket Conventicle-Whore gets all.  
 Ungrateful Fade, from Rome it is most clear,  
 She had the sinking Fish she sets so dear,  
 And in this broyl no shelter can be found,  
 In our poor Play house fallen to the ground.  
 The Times Neglect, and Maladies have thrown  
 The two great Pillars of our Play-house down;  
 The tall Cedars of the vocal Grove,  
 That vented Oracles of Wit and Love.  
 Where many a Nightingal has sweetly sung,  
 Whose Boughs with shrieks of Owles too oft has rung:  
 But such strange Charmes did in their Ecchoes lie;  
 They gave the very Owles a Harmony.  
 But in our Shrubs no such sweet Ecchoes dwell,  
 Here Wit will find but Rods to switch her well.  
 What makes her then appear? what makes a kind  
 Young Wench go meet her Friend in rain and wind,  
 And rather than the Affignation fail,  
 Dabble at once her Honour and her Tayl?

## The PROLOGUE.

Nature who did dispose her to the Trade,  
So soon, that she was scarcely born a Maid.  
Perhaps she'll blame her Stars; but she would fall,  
To sinning, if there were no Stars at all.  
Nature to writing such delight has joyn'd  
To propagate man's Wit as well as Kind.  
This Poet draws his Last to write from thence.  
Did Malice last him like a Pestilence,  
Like the blind Piper he'd the Plague out-brave,  
And tune his Pipe though carry'd to the Grave.

---

**Actors**

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Actors Names.

*Charles, King of France.*

*The Dauphin.*

*The Constable of France.*

*The Duke of Vendosme his Son, Favourite of the King.*

*Count Brisac, the Dauphin's Favourite.*

*Count La Force, a great Commander, a Male-content.*

*La Marre, a foolish villainous Courtier.*

*The Women.*

*Mademoiselle de Guise, a Beautiful young Lady, beloved by the Duke of Vendosme; and Contracted to him, and by the ill Arts of the Constable wrought to be secretly Married to the Dauphin.*

*La Guard, her Woman and Confident, but false to her, and is the Constables Instrument.*

*Conspirators, Courtiers, Officers.*

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**The SCENE, PARIS.**





# Ambitious Statesman ;

OR THE  
Loyal Favourite.

## ACTUS PRIMUS

*Enter Great Constable alone.*

SCENE, *His Apartment in the Louvre.*

*Constable.*

**Y** Esterday charged to come no more to Council !  
Last Night depriv'd of all my great Employments !  
A soft dismissal, frust with downy words  
Sent me to sleep upon ! and sleep I may,  
My Doors are quiet, and my Rooms are empty ;  
No Courtiers ruffle in my Anti-Chamber,  
Waiting my Rising ; no Petitioners  
Attending in the Hall my coming down !  
All full of melancholy death-like Silence.  
Have I rul'd France ten flourishing years and more,

C

Under,

*The Ambitious Statesman,*

Under, or rather far above the King,  
 And shall I now be ruin'd by the Dauphin,  
 A proud rash Boy? Let the young *Polypheme*,  
 Devour the Calves of Court, I will outdo  
*Ulysses*, I will kindle such a Fire,  
 Shall burn the Gyant, and his Den together..  
 Ho! There..

*Enter Secretary.*

*Secret.* My Lord!

*Const.* Are the Dispatches gone,  
 To *Gascoin*, *Normandy*, and *Aquitain*?  
*Secre.* They went above an hour ago.

*Const.* That's well:

Those Provinces are ready for Rebellion.  
 And I have spur'd 'em on; there shall be shortly  
 Such a strange thing, as Liberty in *France*.  
 I hope ere it be long, to hear in *France*  
 The *English* Drums, beat *Freedom*, *Freedom*.  
 I've sent a secret Invitation  
 To their brave fiery young King, *Henry* the 5th.  
 And I've enrag'd the Duke of *Burgundy*,  
 That he is enter'd into League with him.  
 And I'm preparing a Rebellion;  
 A noble Fire to warm him at his Landing,  
 From the cold moist Sea-Air.

*Secre.* He's strangely troubled.

*Const.* No Messenger this Morning from my Son?

*Secre.* Not any yet, my Lord.

*Const.* Where's the Gentleman,  
 Who came last Night?

*Secre.* I do not know, my Lord.

*Const.* What did he say? When will my Son be here?

*Secre.* He said (my Lord) his Excellence, was resolv'd  
 To be at Court this Afternoon at farthest.

*Const.*

*or the Loyal Favourite.*

3

*Const.* His Excellence! his Excellence is an Ass: [*Aside*]  
A Fellow full of Honesty, Morality,  
Of Loyalty, Philosophy, and Foolery:  
But I have laid a Bait to try his Morals.  
Ha! Knocking.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Count *La Force*, my Lord, desires  
Admission to your Lordship.

*Const.* Bring him in.

*Enter La Force.*

*Const.* Friend, you astonish me! how dare you approach  
The unhealthy shade of an old blasted Tree?  
None come to me, but he who wants a Gibbet:  
And fain would hang himself the decent'st way.

*La For.* I was your Friend, my Lord, when you were honest,  
No sordid Flatterer of Tyranny:  
Before you climb'd the Mountains of Advancement,  
To feed on Winds, as *Spanish* Horses do.

*Const.* My Lord, you love those Winds as much as I do;  
And hate the Fogs, that haunt the dirty Vales.

*La For.* That Dirt is bred by Tempests from above,  
From Clouds of Tyranny, where you have liv'd,  
And torn the Kingdom by the thundring power  
Of *Constable of France*.

*Const.* You wou'd ha' mounted  
To the same Clouds, and made a Marshal's Staff,  
A Witches Staff, to carry you aloft,  
Cou'd you ha' got one: but you were deni'd it.  
The King might cheaper have burnt all his Forests,  
Than sav'd that Staff: for you, and your good Friends,  
Set in revenge the Kingdom in a Flame.

*La For.* I made that Fire to melt down all our Chains,  
night



I hate to see my Countrymen abus'd.

*Const.* Hence with dissimbling, we know one another.  
You and I wou'd not care our Countrymen  
Were all to Horses turn'd, so we might ride 'em.

*La For.* I do deny 't; I hate to ride my Country.

*Const.* But I hate more my Country should be ridden  
By Cowards in the Army, Fools in Council.  
Who can endure to see the honest Industries  
Of many scores of men plunder'd by Law,  
To feed a Fool, who is not half a Man?

*La For.* Well, is *Brisac* the *Dauphin's* Favourite,  
To have your Offices?

*Const.* So 'tis design'd.

*La For.* Cannot your Son, the King's great Favourite,  
Whom he created lately Duke of *Vendosme*,  
Assist you?

*Const.* He! — A studious, moral Fool,  
A Moth, who has so long been fed on Books,  
His Skin is Paper, and his Blood is Ink.  
Insensible of all delights of Man.

*La For.* Of all!

*Const.* Almost of all.

*La For.* What does he love?

*Const.* Only his Book, his Friend, his Honesty.  
And when the King, and Kingdom have occasion,  
He love's his Sword; else it might rust for ever.  
He would not draw it to procure himself  
The Empire of the World; he says, He needs it not.  
And he call's him a miserable Wretch,  
Who needs the Universe to make him happy.

*La For.* His temper differs much from yours.

*Const.* From mine.  
He walks directly backwards from my Steps.  
I wonder in what posture I begot him:  
Or in what humour: Surely I was thinking  
Of something else; and if I was, I cannot

Imagin

Imagin how he should creep through my Loins;  
Like *Alpheus* through the Sea, and never season  
Himself with any relish of my Nature.

*La For.* Sure he rush'd from you in a mighty Torrent.

*Const.* Rather I threw him from me with abhorrence.

*La For.* Then you can hope for little aid from him.

*Const.* Oh! Yes, I have observ'd in my Philosophy,  
Nature, an Enemy to Tyranny,  
Doe's alwaies leave some tender place unguarded  
About unmatched vast harvest Animals,  
Where Death may give the World revenge and freedom,  
So this proud Fellow's Spirit, more invincible  
Than Whales, than Crocodiles, or Elephants,  
Has a soft place, his Heart, which has been wounded  
By the small Needles of a Woman's Eye.

*La For.* Then doe's he love?

*Const.* He does.

*La For.* Whom, for Heaven's sake?

*Const.* She whom all love, that wonder of the World  
*Mademoiselle de Guise.*

*La For.* that beautiful Creature?  
And what success has he?

*Const.* They are contracted.

*La For.* And no one hear of it?

*Const.* He keeps it secret,  
I know not why, but such has been his humour.

*La For.* And what of this?

*Const.* The *Dauphin* is his Rival.

*La For.* Ha! Then is she the talk of hidden Beauty,  
The *Dauphin* make's secret addresses to?

*Const.* The same.

*La For.* Good Heaven! What doe's the *Dauphin* mean,  
Is not the match with *Burgundy* concluded?

*Const.* It is, and therefore is this kept so secret  
By the King's strict Commands; who strove to break it,  
But cou'd not.

*La For.*

*La For.* How came you to find it out?

*Const.* A Servant of my own happen'd to love  
*Mademoiselle's* chief Woman, and sole Confident;  
 Whom I perceiving always vext and thoughtful  
 With a Face full of Guilt, strictly examin'd,  
 And got it out of him; and how his Mistress  
 And he design'd to ruin my Son's Interest,  
 And raise their Fortunes by this greater Marriage.

*La For.* Here was a Mine cut to your Hand already.

*Const.* It was: I pardon'd him, bid him proceed,  
 Because he serv'd in it his Prince the *Dauphin*,  
 And I wou'd join with 'em. Whilst I was plotting;  
 Fortune which always take's into her Favour  
 A hundred Villains for one honest Man,  
 Gave my Design a noble rise: brought news  
 To Court, that whilst my Son quartered at *Metz*,  
 He and the fair young Princess of *Lorraine*,  
 Had charm'd each other.

*La For.* This inconstancy,  
 Wou'd enrage *Mademoiselle de Guise* to madness,  
 For she is the haughtiest young Woman living.

*Const.* Yes, had you seen her Letters you wou'd say so.  
 My Instrument, her Woman, always brought 'em to me,  
 I'de see if they were fit to go; at opening 'em  
 I thought I had untied a Witch's knot,  
 And let a Tempest out.

*La For.* And you I warrant  
 Answer'd these Letters, in your Son's hand counterfeited.

*Const.* Exactly guess'd: I stop't the good Fool's Letters,  
 Wherein the Wretch prov'd himself very innocent;  
 And in their room, I sent my forged ones to her;  
 Wherein I made my Son own the inconstancy;  
 Desire a mutual release of Vows.  
 He wou'd give her the Glories of the *Dauphin*,  
 If she'd give him the beauties of his Princess.

*La For.* Did she not tear the Letters, and her Hair?

*Const.*



*Const.* Yes, and her Flesh, and to compleat her madness,  
I brib'd some cowardly Officers, my Son  
Had thrown out of his Army, to attest  
All my false Letters said; and more, how he  
Spoke of her openly with much contempt.

*La For.* Was ever a design manag'd like this?  
The *Dauphin* after this, sure had small difficulty  
To press her to accept his Love and Glory.

*Const.* That you may guess.

*La For.* What? are they married then?

*Const.* They were the other night, in such great Privacy,  
The King scarce know's it yet.

*La Force.* But can the *Dauphin's*  
Amour be wholly hidden from your Son?

*Const.* No, but he nere distrusts his Mistress's falshood;  
He only think's her jealous; and sent Messengers  
To appease her anger, whom she wou'd not see.

*La For.* Most excellent!

*Const.* Now when my Son returns,  
I will charge all my tricks upon the *Dauphin*;  
Nay more, perhaps I'll say, he whore's the Lady.  
And then the *Dauphin* envie's him, and hate's him,  
For sawcily outshining him in Arms.  
Fortune ha's had so very little manners  
To slight the *Dauphin*, and attend my Son.

*La For.* Here are most gallant hopes of a Rebellion.

*Const.* Brave hopes!

For I have spread such lies against the Government,  
Have frighted all the people from their Wits,  
I doubt not but in little time to beg  
The Kingdom for a Fool, and be its Guardian.

*La For.* I have a mind to be a doing again,  
Though I've estate enough.

*Const.* Oh! damn Estate!

'Tis useless without power to a great Mind.  
What? I may keep a Table, and be popular;

That

*The Ambitious Statesman,*

That is, feed Fools and Knaves, and have no thanks,  
 If I could cram an Ox in a Rogue's Jaws,  
 It would not gag him from detracting from me.  
 But I may compass Women; what o' that?  
 If they be newly shell'd from hanging Sleeves,  
 They are so tender that they have no taste:  
 So ignorant, they know not what to do with you.  
 If ripe, they know too well then what to do with you.  
 In short, Power is my pleasure.  
 Five hundred thousand Livers yearly flow  
 Into my Coffers; I have Palaces  
 Exceed the King's; yet now thrown out of Power,  
 I think my self a miserable Wretch.  
 Come, bear me Company an hour or two,  
 And see how I will flounder in my shallows,  
 Like a great Whale, I'll make 'em glad to give me  
 Sea-room enough, or I'll upset the Kingdom.  
 I'll seem religious to be damndly wicked,  
 I'll act all villany by holy shews,  
 And that for piety on fools impose,  
 Set up all Faiths, that so there may be none,  
 And make Religion throw Religion down.  
 I will seem Loyal, the more Rogue to be,  
 And ruine the King by his own authority:  
 Pretending men from Tyranny to save,  
 I will the foolish credulous World enslave. *Exit.*

*Enter the Dauphin and Louize.*

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

*Dau.* What is the reason of this great unkindness?

*Louiz.* Unkindness!

*Dau.* Yes, you are unkind to me,  
 You forc'd your self last Night out o' my Arms;  
 And when I thought it was to sleep; you figh'd,

Nay

Nay more, you wept, wept bitterly; I heard you,  
Though I pretended sleeping; but the Damn'd  
As soon might slumber in their pains as I.  
When we were Arm in Arm lock'd close together;  
Cou'd any sorrow ere have got between us,  
Had not your hollow Bosom let it in?  
Out of what corner of the Heaven's blew  
The Wind that did compose so many sighs,  
And made such stormy weather in my Bed?

*Lou.* I will not tell you. I'll in nothing gratifie  
Him who can think so very meanly of me,  
To doubt my kindness to a Prince I've married.

*Daup.* I do not only doubt, but am assur'd  
You love some secret miserable wretch;  
For I will make him so, and in your sufferings,  
If him I cannot find.

*Lou.* Oh! in what Chains—— [Aside  
Have I my self in any distraction bound,  
For *Vendosm's* falshood has destroy'd my Wits,  
The fall of Heaven could not have broke me more.  
*Vendosm*, and Falshood! I thought Heaven and Hell.  
Wou'd sooner have been joyn'd than those two words.

*Daup.* Ha! are you weeping? Lest my fury find  
Your hidden Lover out! I'll find him out.  
This morn you early rose, and from your Cabinet  
You fetch'd his Picture out.

*Lou.* Oh! Im'e discover'd! ——— [Aside

*Daup.* Then to the Window went and gaz'd upon it.  
Debauch'd the Morning in its Infancy,  
To light you whilst your eyes enjoy'd the Picture;  
They mingled wantonly with every line in't,  
They shot themselves quite through and through the shadow.  
The modest morning was aham'd to open  
Her blushing eye-lids to behold your wantonness.  
Whilst you, contented not alone with looks,  
Did scorch the Picture with your burning Kisses,



As if you fain wou'd kisse it into Life.  
I lay expecting when th' enlivened shadow  
Would start into a man, and catch'd me.

*Lou.* Oh! you have spoken largely in the praise  
Of your great Wisdom, Kindness, Generosity.

*Daup.* I think, I shew'd my self generous enough.  
I did not rise and tear th' adulterer's Picture,  
Your Body, Soul and Reputation,  
Into a thousand Pieces.

*Lou.* Wou'd you had;  
Then Death had freed me from your Tyranny.

*Daup.* Then you love Death it seems better than me.  
You reward well my slights, for your sake,  
The Sister of the Duke of Burgundy,  
And by that scorn, for halting on my head  
The wrath of Burgundy, a War from England,  
The Curses of all France, and of my Father.

*Lou.* Did you not draw all these upon your self?  
Threatning destruction to my Family.  
And death to me, if I refus'd your Love?

*Daup.* Oh! You do well to call to my remembrance  
Those hateful things, as if you was afraid  
Lest I should love you.

*Lou.* I am weary of this,  
He hear no more of it; Good morning to you.

*Daup.* What? Will you leave me then?

*Lou.* Shou'd I stay here,  
To hold my hand up like a Criminal  
Before your Jealousie, a base born Passion,  
That has not one brave thought of all its race.  
He leave you till your soul gets better company.

*Exit.*

*Enter La Mare.*

*Daup.* She makes me mad. Ha! Sirrah, Are you here?

*La Mar.* Oh! here's the Prince in one of his mad fits.

There's

Ther's no scaping him; What shall I do?

*Daup.* You are a Rogue.

*La Ma.* I am, Sir, if you say so.

*Daup.* Sirrah, you are, whether I say it or no.

*La Ma.* Yes Sir, I am.

*Daup.* You are a flattering Rogue.

*La Ma.* Yes Sir.

*Daup.* A double tongu'd dissembling Rogue.

*La Ma.* Yes Sir.

*Daup.* Who serve your King for your own ends.

*La Ma.* Most certain Sir.

*Daup.* And do not care how odious  
Your knavery renders him, so you can get by it.

*La Ma.* Most true Sir, It has been my constant practice.

*Daup.* And when you have gotten all you can by him,  
For new advantages will turn his Enemy.

*La Ma.* With all my heart Sir.

*Daup.* A seditious Rogue,  
And think there lye no Obligations on you  
Of loyalty, of gratitude, or honesty;  
But you will rather side with factions Rogues,  
With such a Rogue as the great Constable,  
Because he did prefer you to the Court,  
Than to the King, who made you what you are.

*La Ma.* That Sir, I've always done.

*Daup.* And do not you merit  
Hanging Sir?

*La Ma.* Ay Sir, that's not to be question'd.

*Daup.* Ho! Take this fellow here, and use him severely.

*Enter Gentlemen.*

*La Ma.* With all my Heart, and take it for an honour.

*Daup.* I'm sick of Choller still, this narrow soul'd—  
This fellow slave cannot contain the half—

*The Gentlemen thrust out La Marre.*

*Enter Brisac.*

*Daup.* Oh! my *Brisac*, give me thy speedy counsel  
Or else I shall run mad, I've been abus'd——

*Bris.* By whom Sir?

*Daup.* By that beautiful thing I've married;  
I know not what she is, Woman or Devil.  
She's both, I think; to me she's a Devil.  
When ever I embrace her, from my Arms  
She vanishes in Lightning, and in Thunder;  
But there's a Slave, I know not who he is,  
A hidden Slave, who finds her Flesh and Blood.

*Bris.* Oh! say not so Sir.

*Daup.* I have proofs of it;  
But I'll have more; I'll rifle all her Cabinets;  
I'll rack her Servants, nay perhaps rack her;  
Why shou'd I not? She has tormented me.  
Along with me.

*Exit.*

*Bris.* This Prince, though young and brave,  
And Heir of *France*, how wretched is he? hated  
By his lov'd Wife, his Father, and all *France*.  
Our envy never wou'd great Men pursue,  
If their great Plagues, and Passions too we knew.

*Exit.**Finis Actus Primi.***ACTUS**



# ACTUS SECUNDUS.

*Enter Louize, and La Guard.*

*La Gua.* **V**ou'd I had never medled in this Bu-  
ness. [*Aside.*]

*Lou.* Come's he to Court to Day?

*La Gua.* The Duke of *Vendosme* —

*Lou.* You might have answer'd me, without impertinently Naming a Name so very unpleasing to me.

*La Gua.* Ah! that's not true; that Name, if she were dead, Call'd 'ore her Tomb, would raise her up to Life — [*Aside.*]  
Yes Madam, He does come.

*Lou.* Oh! then will be — [*Aside.*]  
The mighty parting pang; does he come married?  
Not that I care, I ask for curiosity.

*La Gu.* Ah! pride; her heart is breaking, tho' she hide's it:  
I know not Madam. [*Aside.*]

*Lou.* Go, and ask your friend.

*La Gu.* I was now talking with him.

*Lou.* Call him hither.

*La Guard brings in the Constable's Secretary.*

Well, do you hear yet if the Duke of *Vendosme*  
Be married to the Princess of *Lorraine*?

*Secre.* 'Tis thought so Madam.

*Lou.* Did you ever see her?

*Sec.* Oft! I have oft describ'd her to you Madam.

*Lou.* It may be so, I never think of her.

What, is she handsom?

qum A

*Sec.*

*Sec.* Judg'd by all, the greatest  
Beauty in the whole world, next your Highness.

*Lon.* How tall is she?

*Sec.* She is —

*Lon.* Well — 'tis no matter.

Did you ever see the Duke and her together?

*Sec.* Who rather ever saw 'em afunder, Madam,  
Since their acquaintance?

*Lon.* And did you ever hear him  
Make me the Subject of his campe-discourse?

*Sec.* Only in wondring how he came deceiv'd  
Into the opinion that you were fair.

Tis true, he said the Princess of Lorrain

Was so extravagantly beautiful

After the sight of her, no other woman

Could be endur'd; his cashier'd Officers

Can tell you more at large.

*Lon.* Yes they have told me.

Leave me! here was the excellent Man pretended

Such virtue! How wou'd the Dissembler talk?

Talk like an Angel.

*La Gu.* Yes, and look like an Angel.

He is the loveliest Man mine eyes er'e saw.

*Lon.* Go burn his Picture — Ha! the Dauphin here.

*Enter the Dauphin.*

*Daup.* Ha! Have I catch'd you again at your devotion  
To your Soul's Idol? quickly give it me.

*Lon.* Oh! You delight to shew the Giant strength  
Of your young Conjugal authority,  
What will the Monster do when grown?

*Daup.* This *Hercules*  
Shall strangle biggest Serpents in its Cradle.  
The Picture, come!

*Lon.* What Picture wou'd you have?

A Map

A Map of jealous *Italy* or *Spain*?

Look in your bosom, there's a most exact one.

*Daup.* Give over, its dangerous trifling with me.

*Lou.* Nay, if you threaten, threaten those that fear,  
Your threats are lost on me.

*Daup.* Then I entreat.

*Lou.* Then I do grant. There take the Picture, Sir.

*La Gu.* Oh! she ha's given it him! Now all will out. [*Aside.*]

*Daup.* What's this, The Sister of the Duke of *Burgundy*?

*Lou.* I hate my self for this deceit, but more [*Aside*]

The Man that make's me such an odious creature.

*Daup.* Was this the cause of all your secret sorrows?

*Lou.* Death wou'd be easier to me than lying, [*Aside*]  
If I cou'd bear a mortal wound in honour.

Yes, there's the Princess, Sir, that has your love,

In me you married but your haughty Will,

Which madly drove, because it was oppos'd,

And now the brittle corner of your heart

Which kept some love for me is broke, and all

The Vapour fled, and now you see your error.

*La Gu.* Rarely come off! —

[*Aside.*]

*Daup.* And have I wrong'd thee so?

I am a Brute, and thou art a bright Angel:

No wonder Heaven has blasted the unnatural

And horrid mixture of a Brute and Angel.

Yet there is manhood in the ruins of me,

I was a Prince, before that dog, my Jealousie

Fasted upon me, and tore me into this shape.

*Lou.* Oh! you wou'd hide your kindness for that Princess,  
Under the Veil of Jealousie.

*Daup.* I hide

My kindness for her? I'll proclaim my hate to her,

I'll pave the streets of *Paris* with her Pictures

The day I make my happy Nuptials publick:

Nor will I dart the thunder of my Vengeance

On a thin shadow only, and so lose it.

I will



I will make *Burgundy* the seat of misery,  
That Malefactors shall be banish'd thither,  
When they deserve worse punishment than Death.

*Lou.* Oh! what a change is here: your Head will grow  
Giddy I fear, with turning round so fast,  
And you will fall again from this high Love.

*Daup.* Oh! Never! Never!

*Lou.* Yes, in little time  
I shall be call'd the *Helena* of France,  
Fatal Incendiary, enchanting Mischief,  
That brings your Father's Curses on your head,  
The Curses of all France.

*Daup.* Thou art all Blessing!  
And Heaven rain thee down upon my head,  
Soft as a flake of snow, and full as cold,  
But yet thy coldness sets my Blood a burning.

*Lou.* This is a present humour put in motion,  
Weak was the Philter from my eyes you drunk,  
It only works, when some wild passion shakes you.

*Daup.* No more, I love! and bow my knee for pardon.

*Lou.* Rise Sir, and be assur'd, I will not, cannot  
Make my self more unworthy of your Love,  
Than by a Subject's birth I am already.

*Daup.* Excellent Creature! thou wert never born,  
But cam'st immediately from Heaven's hands.  
Perfection cannot come from Imperfection.

*Lo.* Wretch that I am! to hate a Prince who loves me, [*Aside.*  
And love a base false Subject who contemns me. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, attended.*

*A Gent.* The King Sir:

*King.* In posture of devotion  
To your fair Mistress?

*Daup.* Sir, I love her well.

*K.* Yes, I believe you do; you love her better

Than

Than your obedience to your King and Father,  
Or than the peace and welfare of your Country.

*Dauph.* My Country's welfare ! why shou'd Princes marry  
To make their Country happy : give themselves  
Most cursed Nights, that Slaves may have good days :  
Will any Subject marry a damn'd Wife  
Only for Wealth, and give his King the Portion :  
That match with *Burgundy*, was the advice  
Of some old cowardly covetous Counsellors :  
Who fear the Souldier, in few Months shou'd spend,  
What they have all their Lives been cozoning for :  
Or that their paltry issue shou'd be kill'd,  
And n'ere enjoy their Father's Knavery.  
For 'tis the constant Creed of most old Fools,  
That they enjoy their Wealth when they are dead,  
In the damn'd silly Persons of their Sons,  
When the young Fools themselves do not enjoy it.  
From all these Knaves I will defend your Honour.

*K.* Win your self honour, you have now occasion ;  
I know you hear the King of *England's* landed.

*Dauph.* I am glad of it, 'tis Summer now in *France*.  
Fear sinks the blood in your old Counsellors Veins,  
As a cold hand does Water in a Weather-glass,  
You cannot guess the Weather then by them.  
Now frosty Peace is gone, the Weather's hot :  
So hot 't shall scorch the *English* Troops, and make 'em  
Sweat all their Souls away in bloody Baths.

*K.* I doubt it, for I know 'em a brave Nation :  
If we 'ere get the better it must be,  
By fasting longer, and by hiding better  
Behind thick Woods, and by broad Lakes and Rivers,  
By trusting to our Trees, not to our Men ;  
To our cold Rivers, not to our hot Blood :  
For if they ever come to blows, they beat us.

*Dauph.* These ate your *Vendosm's* cold Imaginations.

*K.* He ha's a cooler Head, but hotter Heart,

E

Than

Then thou hast; that brave youth thou enviest.

*Daup.* I envy him! I scorn him, he's a Dutch-man;  
He ha's no spark of the *French* fire in's nature,  
No more true Conduct, than his Father Honesty,  
I'll drive 'em both out of the Court and Army.

*K.* I'll part with thee before the Duke of *Vendosme*.

*Daup.* Value the son of a Traytour above me?  
I'll humble the proud slave when e'er I see him.

*Exit.*

*K.* 'Tis very well: You king it, sir, betimes.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Sir, the Great *Constable* attends without.

*K.* Let him attend, he has offended me.

Did not his Son's great merits plead for him?  
I'de ruine him; howe're I'll let him know  
I understand his actions, and resent e'm.

*Enter the Great Constable,  
La Marre, and other Courtiers,  
Pass by, and look scornfully upon him.*

*Const.* How many Ages will they make me wait?  
Ha! Is it so indeed? And am I fallen  
Into these wretches scorn? Nay then I know  
How the wind blows. You sir, who like a fly  
Are blind in *Autumn*, when the cold approaches  
And the tall trees begin to shed their leaves.  
And is it *Autumn* with me then indeed?  
Do you not see me, Sir? Must I for ever  
Attend here? ha!

[to *La*

[*Marre.*

*La Ma.* My Lord, I cannot mind  
All men's affairs and businesses, not I.

*Const.* All men's affairs, Sir? do you level me  
with all men?

*La*



*La Ma.* I must wait on the King's business,  
And the Kings business must be done, my Lord.

*Const.* I prethee what's that business thou attendest on?  
To carry Charcoale in to air his Shirt?

I know thee, thou wert once my menial Servant,  
And I preferr'd thee to the place thou holdest.

*La Ma.* 'Tis true, my Lord, You laid an obligation on me,  
But what then : I am now his Majesties,  
And his Majesties business must be done.

*Const.* His Majesties business. ———

*La M.* Nay, my Lord, I fear you not,  
I know what the King said of you just now,  
And what the *Dauphin* said to me this morning.  
You'l never come in play again I'm sure.  
And so your Lordships servant.

*Exit.*

*Const.* Villaine and Fool !  
How such a Slave, like dirt, flies in his teeth  
And dirties him who raises it from the Earth !

*Enter La Force.*

*La For.* My Lord, the King has gotten Information  
Of all your Plots ; give 'em 'ore, they will ruine you ;  
Like Vipers they will tear their Mothers bowels  
That gave 'em being.

*Const.* Ha ! got Information :  
Then, like a whorish Woman, once discovered,  
I will grow impudent ; Lye in in publick  
Of my Designs ; I'll fling 'em in the World  
As carelessly as Nature does all Monsters,  
Never appointing certain times of Birth ;  
My Monsters shall be born with Teeth and Fangs too.

*La For.* You will undo your self ; take good advice,  
And live at ease.

*Const.* I cannot in disgrace.

*La For.* You have a vast estate.

*Const.* I am a Begger,  
When I want all the Wealth I value, Power.

*La For.* You have great Palaces

*Const.* Great Gaoles, great Dungeons,  
Dark horrid Dungeons, now the light of all  
My honour is gone out.

*Enter the King attended.*

*La For.* See ! See ! the King !  
Take good advice before you ruine all.

*Const.* Ha ! he regard's me not : Oh ! torment ! torment !  
Sir, with your pardon ; I must speak with you.  
Are you resolv'd, Sir, on your own destruction ?  
For let me tell you, Sir, I am your Eyes ;  
And you let Traitors tear me from your Head,  
And then conduct you blindfold to destruction.  
You find it not, but, Sir, I do with Sorrow.

*K.* Hence with thy Tears, they fall upon the Ground ;  
And there discover thy dissembling Face.  
There is no Hell to thee, like a low Fortune ;  
And when thou art in Hell thou art a Devil ;  
Tormenting both thy self and all the World.  
Rebellion first did light thee to the Court.  
I have permitted so many to light  
Themselves to greatness by that filthy *Flambeau*,  
That all the *Lawre*'s blacked with the smoke,  
And all my Councils strongly smell of *Knives*.  
But I'll chace them, and that ill practice, from me.  
In short, for thy Son's sake, I fully pardon  
All thy past Faults, and give thee thy Estate.  
Go home, and live in ease and honesty.  
Be wise, accept this favour whilest 'tis offer'd.

*La For.* Do, do, accept it.

*Const.* Peace, I will be damn'd first.  
Sir, can I either live in ease or honesty.

*[Aside]*

When.

When by retiring I resign you up  
To those who seek your Life.

K. Ha! I should have thought you would have said so.

Const. Sir; 'Tis true.

K. And who are those?

Const. They are such whose impious hands  
The ties of nature (one would think) should hold  
From deeds so horrid!

K. Who dost mean?

La F. Oh! have a care, retreat;

You'r on a Precipice! [Aside.]

Const. Let me alone! [Aside.] We are told by Philosophers  
The principles of Death spring from our Natures;  
He who intends your Death sprung from your Loynes.

La For. He will undoe himself. [Aside.]

Const. Sir, it is truth;

And his beloved *Brisac*, is his chief Counsellour.

K. Know if each word thou saist, Swell not with truth;  
The breath of Plagues should be less fatal to thee  
Then that that form'd and vented this foul Charge.

Const. So! so; an honest man has great encouragement  
To serve his Prince, as well I have a Conscience.

*Enter the Dauphin and Brisac.*

K. Here they are both; come answer for your selves,  
The Constable accuses both of you  
Of blackest Treasons.

Daup. How does he accuse me?

Const. Yes, you Sir! Take my Head for speaking Truth;  
I'll proudly suffer Martyrdom for Loyalty.  
What dost thou charge me with?

Const. With false Designs  
To get *Brisac* my Officers; that he  
May assist you to get the King's great Office.

Daup. Oh! Villaine! Villaine!

Const.



*Const.* I can prove it, Sir.

*Bris.* Oh! Sir, I kneel and call Heaven to my witness.

*Const.* You may call long enough before he'll come.

Sir, to oppose this impious Design

Was that that made me bear th' uneasy Court

When it was grown such an unpleasant Cline,

I saw not in a year one summers day;

My Enemies were a perpetual storm,

And you permitted 'em to blow upon me:

Yet, for your safety I endur'd it all,

Not for the love of Greatness, Heaven knows.

*Daup.* No! no! not you.

*Const.* Sir, I was born with Greatness;

I've Honour's, Titles, Power, here within.

All vain external Greatness I contemn.

Am I the higher for supporting Mountains?

The taller for a Flatterer's humble bowing?

Have I more room for being throng'd with followers?

The larger Soul for having all my Thoughts

Fill'd with the Lumber of the State Affairs?

Honours and Riches are all splendid Vanities;

They are of chiefest use to Fools and Knaves.

A Fool indeed, has great need of a Title.

It teaches men to call him Count and Duke,

And to forget his proper name of Fool.

Gold is of use to every sort of Knave;

It helps the ambitious Knave to Offices,

Th' unjust contentious Knave to others Right,

The lustful Knave to others Wives and Daughters;

Then throw'd on all the Blots of a mans Life,

It does not only cover 'em, but guild 'em,

But what's all this to a wise innocent Man?

*Daup.* Ay! such another as your self, good Man.

*Bris.* Sir, cou'd an Actor make himself a God

By flying o're a Stage on golden Wires,

Then might he make himself an Honest Man

By

By mounting high on rich and golden Words.  
But dares he boastings of his Innocence;  
Whose Treasons are most visible to all;  
Has he not fill'd all France with Factions  
Overspread the Kingdom, like an Indian Tree,  
With mighty Forests sprung out of himself's

*Const.* Why should I do this, Sir? I would not break  
My sleep to get your Crown, what should I do with't  
Palsies would shortly shake it from my Head.

Nor would I care to leave it to my Son;  
'Twill be all one to me when I am dead.

If he be Crown'd or Victim'd on my Tomb.

If he be Crown'd, his Glory will not shine  
Into my Grave and warm my dust to see it.

If he be Victim'd there, I shall not feel it.

'Twill be no more to me than if they pluck'd  
Some pretty flower that grew out o' my dust.

*Daup.* Oh! pretty words! fine phrases!

*K.* Well, *Brisac.*

Accusing him, proves not you innocent,  
You first shall come to trial.

*Bris.* Sir, I beg it.

*Const.* Yes; and I beg, Sir, he may be secur'd.

*Bris.* Load me with Fetters, keep me in a Dungeon.

*Const.* Yes, you shall be secur'd, whilst they suspect you  
Honest, but when you shall appear  
That useful thing, a Knave, Court Witch-craft then  
Shall mount you o're all Scaffolds, and all Gibbets,  
Out of the reach of Justice.

*Daup.* There's no Trick  
So base; I will not play in thy opinion.

*Bris.* Then to prevent all hopes of my escape,  
I humbly beg, that I may be his Prisoner.

*Daup.* His Prisoner.

*K.* You are too concern'd to speak,  
It shall be so.

*Daup.*

*Daup.* Come then, I give him to thee.  
But hark! I'll have him weigh'd; and if thou dost  
Return him to me lighter by one grain,  
Thy flesh shall fifty-fold repay the loss;  
If he shall lose one hair, I'll have thy head.

*Const.* Oh! these are equal doings, but no matter,  
I shall return him heavier than I had him,  
For I have weighty Witnesses, ——— here's one. ———

*La For.* Who I? ——— *[Aside.]*

*Const.* You must be one. ——— *[Aside.]*  
I will draw in  
This wary fool. ——— *[Aside.]*

*Daup.* How! thou a witness, Villain.

*La For.* Villain! ———

Nay, when I'll own my self a Witness. *[Aside.]*  
Yes, I'm a Witness, Sir.

*Daup.* Oh! lying Slave!

*K.* Begone! I'll bear no more outrageous carriage.

*Daup.* I will obey you, Sir, remember *Constable.* *Exit.*

*K.* Now I'll this minute seize on both your Fortunes,  
I'll leave you no materials for bribes. *Exit.*

*La For.* How's this! ———

*Const.* Am I thus serv'd?

*La For.* You have engag'd me  
In a fine business.

*Const.* I will make thy Bowels  
Sow up this Breach.

*Bris.* Wilt thou abuse me then?

*Const.* Away with him.

*A Guard carry out Baisac.*

I'll make him own all I have charg'd him with,  
Or I will let the Sun behold his Entrails.  
I scorn their threats; My son return to-day  
With a brave Army.

*La*



*La For.* And a Troop of Virtues.

*Const.* I'll thrust my Principles or dagger in him ;  
I love my Power and Honour above him ;  
I got him in one night, I did not get  
Honour so fast, I toyl'd for that some years.

*La For.* Hence with your damn'd designs, if they succeed  
You will be call'd a false ungrateful Villain,  
To seek the ruine of that King from whom  
You have received so many Royal Favours.

*Const.* Old Favours are Old Almanacks, ne'r lookt on ;  
Who minds what Weather 'twas a year ago ?  
The last years Sun ripen's not this year's Fruit.  
Nor am I a False Man, in being Wise,  
For as the Money's false that's mixt with Brass,  
So he is a False Man, who is an Ass.

*Exeunt.*

Trumpets enter at one door, the King and Train,  
*La Marre among the Train :*

*At the other, the Duke of Vendosme, followed by  
Officers.*

*K.* The Duke of *Vendosme* come ! Welcome my Friend ;  
More welcome than the Victories thou bringst.

*Duke,* You owe 'em to your Cause and gallant Army.

*K.* Thou art to all men Just, but to thy self.

*Du.* I do not love, Sir, like too many Generals,  
To steal Renown out of the Publick Baggage.

*K.* In stead of that thou givest away thy own ;  
Praise is the only thing thou runn'st away from.

*D.* I'm not ambitious much of any Kingdom,  
But least of all to have one in the Air ;  
Where, let a man have ne'r'e such large Dominion,  
A Hurry-cane will be a greater Prince.

The force of that can tear up Trees and Rocks :  
But all the stormy Praise that all the *Heroes*  
Can by their blustering Swords collect together,

F

Can-

Cannot pull up one Stick by the roots,  
 Who stands in full defiance of their malice.  
 How fond is it to toyl in the World's Forrest,  
 In hewing down Mankind, only to hear  
 Some hollow hearts echo our mighty blows?  
 But 'tis more foolish to toyl all one's life  
 That Fame may toss our Ashes when we're dead.  
 So we have no repose living or dead.

They who are gone to rest in Marble Beds,  
 Sleep fast enough, and need no Wind to rock 'em.

K. I ner'e thought Fame a lawful cause of War.

D. Wars are good Physick when the World is sick.  
 But he who cut's the Throats of Men for Glory,  
 Is a vain savage Fool; he strives to build  
 Immortal Honours upon man's mortality,  
 And glory on the shame of humane Nature,  
 To prove himself a man by Inhumanity.  
 He puts whole Kingdoms in a blaze of War,  
 Only to still mankind into a Vapour;  
 Empties the World to fill an idle Story.  
 In short, I know not why he shou'd be honour'd,  
 And they that murder men for money hang'd.

K. Thy Sentiments are great, and worthy of thee.

D. I hate these potent Mad-men, who keep all  
 Man-kind awake, whilst they by their great deeds  
 Are drumming hard upon this hollow World,  
 Only to make a sound to last for Ages.

Yet Flatterers call these Mighty mad-men, *Heroes*.

K. Yes, and they honour 'em with publick Triumphs.

D. They shame 'em rather; for to me a Triumph  
 Appears a publick sacrifice to Insolence;  
 Adoring Pride as they did Plagues and Feavers.  
 If ever I had seen a *Roman* Triumph,  
 I shou'd ha' pittied the poor Conquerour,  
 To see the tender man fallen so sick,

By the ill savours of a field of slaughter,  
That he came home with his head bound with Laurel,  
Gasping in Chariots for the Peoples breath.

K. For ever cou'd I hear thee thus discourse;  
But I have business must divert our talk.

D. Yes Sir, I hear the King of England's landed.

K. He is.

D. He leads a very gallant Nation.  
I've tried 'em oft in Battels and in Sieges.  
They despise Walls and Trenches, they are so us'd  
To cross the Ocean, they laugh at Trenches.

K. My Son despises 'em.

D. He's too brave.

His too hot Martial Fires burn out the Eyes  
Of his clear Understanding.

K. His too hot

Amorous Fires have kindled this ill War.

D. Now dare not I enquire into this Story.  
For I've been Thunder-stricken with report.

[*Aside.*

K. If he be married, as I fear he is,  
A War is like to be his fair Wife's Portion.  
And a rich Portion too in the esteem  
Of him, and his licentious followers.

Du. War is the harvest Sir, of all ill men,  
In War they may be Brutes with reputation.

K. Now let me whisper thee about thy Father.

La Mar. This Duke here keeps a talking with the King,  
He hopes to hold himself up with his Wit—  
Phaw! — Wit's a thing will never do at Court. —

K. Now Sir's, I charge you all, do not report  
Or think the Duke is shaken in my favour,  
Because his Father's fallen; his Father, like  
A heavy lumbring beam in a house-top  
Did rather press him down than hold him up;  
To honour the Dukes merit then, shall be  
Esteem'd by me as merit; and so Sirs embrace him.



*La Ma.* Oh! I am in a very fine condition,  
 Who have affronted and oppos'd his Father.  
 I thought their damn'd great Family was ruin'd!  
 Pox o' these Court intrigues! a man is trap  
 And snapt, he knows not how to turn himself.  
 Why is the King so fond of this same *Vendosme*?  
 He is no dresser, do but see how awkwardly  
 His damn'd Crevat is tyed? Were I a King  
 I'd hang a man shou'd come into my presence  
 With such a damn'd Crevat, and tyed so slovenly.  
 Then he is no Dancer neither: What's he good for?  
 Oh! he is a Wit forsooth! Hang all these Witts?  
 They are good for nothing but to jear and scribble.  
 This *Vendosme* must be lov'd because his tongue  
 Hangs well, I wou'd his neck were hung as well.  
 But 'tis in vain to mutter, I must flatter him.  
 My noble Lord, your Graces humble Servant.

*Du.* Honest *La Marre*, how dost?

*La Ma.* Ever in health,  
 And in good Fortune when your Grace is so.

*Du.* I thank thee good *La Marre*.

*La Ma.* My Lord, Im'e tyed  
 By most particular strong Obligations  
 To your Grace's Family, I owe my Fortunes  
 To your most noble Fathers Love and Bounty.

*Du.* I will succeed him in his Love to thee.

*La Ma.* So now my Interest which was off the Hinges  
 Is naild on fast again; but I will go  
 Shortly behind the Door, and clinch the Nail;  
 I'll make him a particular Address  
 At his own Lodgings, and then all is done.  
 Then I'll not fail to make my Court to him  
 Almost at all his Levyes and his Couchees.

*K.* Come in with me, my Lord,  
 I must talke more with you.

*Du.* I will attend you sir, my soul is troubled,

*Exeunt.*

Where

Where e're I go, I meet a wandring rumour,  
*Louize* is the *Dauphins* secret Mistress.  
 I heard it in the Army, but the sound  
 Was then as feeble as the distant Murmurs  
 Of a great River mingling with the Sea.  
 But now I am come near this Rivers fall,  
 'Tis louder than the Cataracts of *Nile*.  
 If this be true ———  
 Doomesday is near, and all the Heavens are falling.  
 I know not what to think of it, for every where  
 I meet a choaking dust, such as is made  
 After removing all a Palace Furniture;  
 If she be gone, the World, in my esteem,  
 Is all bare Walls; nothing remains in it  
 But Dust and Feathers; Like a *Turkish* Inne,  
 And the fowl Steps where Plunderers have been.

*Exit.*

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

*Enter Great Constable alone.*

SCENE, *His Apartment in the Court.*

*Const.*

**A**LL seiz'd at once! Is this the good effect  
 Of my wise Plots? Oh! my unquiet spirit!  
 Sure some men's souls are given'm for plagues,  
 My soul to me, is all the Plagues of *Egypt*.  
 My thoughts are Froggs, and Flies, and Lice, and Locusts.  
 When Honours are rain'd down on any other,  
 A Plague of Hail is rain'd down upon me.  
 When men's Prosperity shines hot upon me,  
 My poysonous nature breaks out all in Boyles.

Oh

30 *The Ambitious Statesman,*  
Oh!! Come My Lord!! let's meditate revenge.

*Enter La Force.*

*La For.* Had we been wise we ner'e had needed it.

*Const.* Were the King wise we ner'e had liv'd to plot it.  
The King's unskill'd in gallant wicked Men;  
Undo us, and not send us to the Devil;  
The Devil for that shall send us to the King.  
No Man so brave as he who dares be wicked;  
Ill ha's no Friend to trust to, but its own  
Bastard, Success; the off-spring of its strength.

*La. For.* Know you your Son's arriv'd?

*Const.* Is he?

*La For.* He is.

*Const.* So, that's good news: I am prepar'd to cheat him.  
In pious dress I'll steal into his Bosom,  
As Knaves (they say) do in St. *Francis* habit,  
Cheat Heaven, and creep into old *Abraham's* Bosom.

*La For.* I doubt he will not be deceiv'd so easily.

*Const.* Oh! he who ha's foolish good nature in him;  
Ha's a soft Girll the Portress of his Breast,  
Who will be easily mov'd to ope the Door.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The Duke, my Lord, is come.

*Const.* Oh! bring him.

*La For.* I'll leave you for a while.

*Const.* Do, good, my Lord.

*Exit. La Force.*

*Enter Duke of Vendosm.*

My Son! and have I liv'd to see thy Face!  
I thank my Enemies they leave me thee,  
A greater Joy, than all they have taken from me.

*Duk.* Now



*Duk.* Now is my Father falling to his Arms: — *Callide*  
To strive to work me to his practices.

*Const.* Son, I despair'd to see thee any more.

*Duk.* Why from my Lord?

*Const.* My Heart is almost broken.

*Duk.* What breaks your Heart?

*Const.* Disgraces; I am thrust  
To my Grave's brink, by injuries and dishonours.  
*Duk.* I hear you have fallen into the King's displeasure.  
*Const.* Into the Dauphin's rage.

*Duk.* For what desert?

*Const.* Do any rise or fall in Courts by merit?  
A want of faults is often a great fault.  
How fond are some great men of Fools and Dwarfs,  
Because they are good Foiles? but tall desert  
Does often sawcily o'relook a Prince.  
I am no Dwarf to let great Fools stride 'ore me,  
To the King's Breast.

*Duk.* And shall that break your Heart?  
If I disdain'd to be my Prince's Dwarf,  
I wou'd scorn more to be his Marble Statue;  
To weep when ever the Court weather's damp.

*Const.* Damp! it is stormy; one tempestious blast  
Tore from me all my shining Robes at once.

*Duk.* They were too heavy for your Years to carry,  
For all the envy of the Kingdom hung on 'em.

*Const.* But they have drest up Fools and Blocks in 'em.  
Such blockish Fools are rais'd one wou'd imagin,  
The Court is rather pitching of the Bar,  
Then raising Men to Honour; I can name  
Some Counsellors, who cannot speak good sence;  
The Wretches have no other use of Tongues  
Then Dogs of Tails, to wag 'em when they fawn.  
The shining Tongue of their chief leading Orator,  
Ha's neither edge nor point; but finely scabberded  
In Velvet Words: is like a Sword of State

Borne before publick business for a shew.

*Duk.* Why shou'd this grieve you ?

*Const.* I abhor that Fools

Shou'd go before me in Command and Power.

*Duk.* He is not honour'd most, who goe's before.  
Mace and Sword-bearers go before a King.

Methinks when e're I see Authority,  
Lugger a heavy Fool upon her Sholders  
Before me, I have State bestowed upon me,  
And have a Leaden Mace carried before me.

*Const.* Come 'tis unnatural Fools shou'd be uppermost.

*D.* 'Tis very natural vain things shou'd be uppermost,  
In such a World of Vanity as this ;  
Where massy substances of things sink down,  
And nothing stay's but Colours, Sounds, and Shadows.  
What mighty things derive their power from Colours :  
Courts owe their Majesty to Pomp, and Shew :  
Altars their Adoration, to their Ornaments :  
Women their Lovers, to their Paint and Washes ;  
Fools their esteem to Perewigs and Ribbons.  
How many Trades are there that live by tones ?  
The cheating Beggar whine's our Money from us ;  
The Player by his tone will make us weep,  
When Men's substantial sorrows cannot do it.  
An Orator will set the World a dancing  
After his pipe when Reason cannot stir it.  
Fanatick canting Priests, will o'return Kingdoms  
Only by tones, and thumping upon Pulpits.  
And silly human hearts, as soon as e're,  
They hear the wooden thunder, prick up Ears,  
And Tails, and frighted run they know not whither.

*Const.* Go, angle not for me with rotten Hairs,  
The combings of Philosophers old Pates.  
We have all our several Passions that command us,  
I am a Slave to Honour and Ambition,  
And thou to fair *Madamoselle de Guise*.

*D.* Ha !

*Du.* Ha! ———

[Starts

*Const.* Have I touch'd you, Sir? Now Sir, suppose  
This beantious parcel of your Soul, this parcel?  
This soul of yours were torn out of your Body,  
Wou'd you not feel it? ha!

*Du.* He stabs me!  
In my old Wound.

[Aside

*Const.* Oh! Are you startled, Sir?  
Say she were Whor'd, Sir.

*Du.* Oh! I am abus'd, —  
All, all agree about this cursed story.

[Aside.

*Const.* What now? you are awake, I have rous'd you  
Out of your Dream of Stoical Philosophy,  
And you have Blood and Passions stirring in you:  
I thought your Veins were only Veins in Marble.

*Du.* No, no, my Lord, I am a Man, no Statue,  
No Pasquin, only to hang Libels on.

*Const.* Then since thou art a Man, and hast some feeling  
I will not say she's whor'd, but I will say,  
A married man enjoys her.

*Du.* Do not say it, my Lord.

*Const.* 'Tis true, I have seen 'em folded in embraces,  
Have seen their souls skip from their Eyes and dance  
On wanton looks, like Tumblers upon Ropes.  
Have seen their tilting Lipps meet close, and grapple,  
As they wou'd tugg each other from their Faces;  
Then with what breath their pleasant strife had left 'em,  
They'd fling with scorn out of their laughing mouthes  
The Name of *Vendosme*; more they scarce cou'd say,  
But when they had breath they'd cry, *Phi-lo-so-pher*.

*Du.* Who does she play this modest game withall?

*Const.* With one whose Sport you dare not spoil,  
The *Dauphin*.

*Du.* Oh! It is so: This Woman has been false,  
To get a Crown: — Oh! —

*Const.* Are you pain'd? Be comforted.



You quickly shall have ease, for know your death  
Is plotted by 'em both.

*Du.* My Death!

*Const.* Your Death.

I'm ruin'd cause I know all their Designs;  
For now Court secrets are like Fairy's Revels,  
Or Witches Conventicles; men are spoiled  
With sudden blasts that either tell or see 'em.  
They do not spare their Favourites and Creatures.  
*Brisac*, once lov'd both by the King and *Du*,  
Because he honestly oppos'd your Murder,  
Is falsely charg'd with Treason, and convicted  
To make him own it, and name you a party.

*Du.* Can there be wickedness enough in Hell  
To furnish out with truth this horrid Story?

*Const.* I know thy thoughts are calling me a lyar.  
Ho! there:

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord.

*Const.* Open those folding Doors.

*The Scene is drawn, and Brisac is shown bloody and as dead.*

Sleeps he?

*Ser.* He's fallen into so deep a sleep,  
His sense is sunk out of the loudest call.

*Const.* I gave him *Opium* to ease his pains.  
I could not bear to hear his piercing groans.

Now Sir, I hope you will believe your Eyes.

*Du.* This horrid barbarous sight confounds my soul.

*Const.* Oh! now it works him, I shall fool him finely [*Aside*.

*D.* I'll search the depth of this, though it reach Hell. [*Aside*.  
Wake him.

*Ser.* We cannot.

*Du.*

*Du.* Cannot you?

*Ser.* We cannot.

*Du.* Then shut the door, I cannot see him longer.  
I'm strangely mov'd.

*Const.* What if we went to Prayers,  
And recommend to Heaven the King and Dauphin?

*Du.* To Prayers! To Arms, fit Weapons to revengers.  
But I am justly serv'd for having th' Impudence  
To put on Virtue in this dirty World.  
And drag the Robes of Angels on a dunghill.

*Const.* Indeed those Robes starve every man that wear 'em.

*Du.* But I did only put 'em on to act in.

*Const.* To act in?

*Du.* Yes, and wrap my self so cunningly,  
The Devil with all his *Elumbeaux*, cou'd not see me.

*Const.* How? Art thou not what thou pretend'st to be,  
A man of Virtue, Loyalty and Honour?

*Du.* The pretty jingling of the Chains of Fools,

*Const.* Ha! Is it so? this is most wonderful!  
I always thought thee a poor Mountaineer,  
That liv'd on Virtue's cold and barren Hill,  
Till all thy blood was froze, and sense benumm'd.

*Du.* No, no, my blood is hot, and my pulse beat's,  
As strong as any man's, ring's all the Changes  
Of Love, Ambition, Fury and revenge;  
I'll give my self Revenge, my Country Freedom,  
I will transform my enslav'd Nation  
From Mules, and burthen-bearing Beasts, to Men.  
No beast is half so wretched as a *Frenchman*,  
He always has a Bridle in his mouth,  
And he has nothing but his Bit to champ on.

*Const.* Right: He is forc'd to give his Meat for Salt.

*Du.* He's flead and salted.

*Const.* He's a pickled Mandrake,  
An *Englishman* will eat him for a Sallad,  
And pluck him by the roots out of his Trenches.

When e're he has a mind, in spite of all  
The pretty Gardning way you now have got,  
Of keeping your *Maskmellers* from the Weather.  
No wonder the stout *English* always beat us,  
We squeeze the heart and soul out of our Peasants,  
Then flap the enemy with the empty baggs.

*Du.* But now I'll Ruff the Peasants skins with Manhood,  
And break the Chain that links to the King's Throne  
The Nobles, as the Globe is to *Joves* Chair.  
I hate dependence on anothers will,  
Which changes with the breath of every whisper,  
Just as the Sky and Weather with the Winds.  
Nay with the Winds, as they blow *East* or *West*,  
To make his temper pleasant or unpleasant,  
So are our wholsom or unwholsom Days.

*Const.* Nay with his Diet, if his Cook but gives him  
A melancholly Dish; or if his Doctor  
Gives him a Pill shall stir up Choler in him;  
We may perhaps be purg'd out oth Court.  
And then we boast of Destinies and Stars,  
When we are made or spoil'd by Quacks and Cooks.

*Du.* Nothing more true; nay we are finely ruff'd  
Between a wild young Prince, and dull old King.

*Const.* A Royal Image, and brave fiery Spirits,  
Do only burn like waxen Tapers round him,  
As if it was the Funeral of the Kingdom;  
Rather like Lamps i'th Urn of a dead Kingdom.

*Du.* 'Tis dead; for it has long been deadly sick.

*Const.* Oh! suff'ring with fustion Ease and Wealth,  
Our Luscious hours are candied up for Women,  
Whilst our Men lose their appetite to Glory.  
Our Pilots all their skill, for want o' Storms.

*Du.* The Kingdom's Dead, or in a Lethargy;  
I'll try, and lance it now about the Head.

*Const.* The King!

*Du.* The King.

*Const.*



*Const.* Thou art a wicked fellow,  
Where didst thou get this wickedness, and when?

*Du.* I got it that brave night when you got me,  
You made me wicked in my Mothers womb,  
And I have trebly improv'd your nat'ral Stock.  
I set my foot firm on the present World,  
Nor like a Boy skipping between two Ships,  
Slip down between 'em and so loose 'em both;  
But here I stow my Fortunes, and I cast  
All goodness over-board as so much Lumber.  
All Vertu's as a bunch of useles Keys,  
That will unlock no Doors but those of Heaven,  
Where neither you nor I have any business.

*Const.* Who cou'd believe an Image of a Saint  
Shou'd lodge within it such a nest of Spiders?  
Let me embrace thee, Son, for now I own thee.  
Thou wert not stole from me when thou wert young  
By Priests and Schooles, those common Thieves in Children,  
Who spirit 'em away, and in their rooms  
Send us home Idiots mop'd with Piety,  
Pinch'd hourly by that Fairy, call'd a Conscience,  
And blasted by that Lightning call'd Religion.  
Now I will own to thee, I have materials  
For a great Change; and now thou shew'st Ambition,  
I dare confide in thee.

*Du.* I'de as soon be  
An Eunuch, as a Man without Ambition.  
The lust of Ruling men, does far excel  
The brutish lust of Getting 'em, a Beast  
Can Get his kind, but cannot Govern it.  
Ambition is a Spirit in the world,  
That causes all the Ebbs and Flows of Nations,  
Keeps Mankind sweet by action, without that  
The World wou'd be a filthy settled mud.

*Const.* Most excellent!

*Du.* Have you no Friends, my Lord,  
You cou'd engage?

*Const.*

*Const.* Thousands of all degrees.  
 Rebellious Lords deny'd the Rule of Provinces;  
 Damn'd knavish Statesmen fool'd of promis'd Offices,  
 Mutinous Officers deny'd Commands,  
 Proud Clergy-men who cannot get promotion  
 So much as for their Money; wealthy Fools,  
 Who wou'd be Knights or Lords, and are refused.  
 And all the discontented Lay-men's Wives,  
 And all the discontented Church-mens Wenches,  
 And all the Women who fain would be Mistresses  
 And lose their Reputations to no purpose:  
 All who have yielded to old gony Statesmen,  
 With hopes of Pensions and were fool'd of 'em.

*Du.* Most rare Tooles all!

*Const.* Most excellent! with thy Ayd,  
 We shall not need th' assistance of an Angel.

*Du.* An Angel! What assistance can he give us,  
 Who spends his time in idleness and song?

*Const.* He's good for nothing but t' inspire a Fiddler.

*Du.* Your's are the Tools: cou'd you not bring 'em to use?

*Const.* At an hours warning.

*Du.* Pray, my Lord.

*Const.* I will.

*Du.* And I will bring a Guard and seize 'em all. — [*Aside.*]

So, now I've opened all the filthy Vault,  
 And let out such foul air has made me sick.

But yet within this Vault I find a Lamp

Of joyful hope, *Louise* is not false,

But wrong'd by flying rumours, which like Birds

Soaring at random, mate on any head.

'Tis plain, my Father turns the Stream of Rumour

Tow'rs her, to carry me along to Execution.

I le beg my Fathers Life, but I'll rescue him

From hurting of the King. — [*Aside.*]

Farwel, my Lord.

*Const.* Farwel, dear Son!

*Exit*

*Exit Duke. Enter La Force.*

*La For.* What news? What good Success?

*Const.* I've fool'd him admirably.

Oh! I have put such crabbed stuffe into him  
Ha's curdled the milk-sop. Well, I have promis'd him  
That you and all our Friends shall talk with him.

*La For.* We will.

*Const.* I'll call you suddenly.

*La For.* I'll wait you. ———

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Louize.*

*Lou.* I've seen the wicked, perjur'd, charming *Vendosme*;  
Have view'd him or'e and o'r'e, and heard him talk.  
Heaven has not blasted one of all his Graces.  
His Tongue has all the harmony it had,  
When Ears, and Hearts, and all the gates of Souls  
Flew open at the sound; still, still, his words  
Resemble (as they did) the heavenly *Manna*,  
Feasting all Ears with what they most delighted.

*Enter La Guard.*

*La Gu.* Madam I've spy'd the *Duke* watching the *Dauphin*,  
They are both coming hither.

*Lou.* Then draws near  
The time of our most terrible encounter.  
Come to my aid my Honour, give me vigour,  
If Love approach me, let me throw it off  
With all the strength a Woman in Convulsions  
Will do an Infant. Let me dash its brains out.  
And to begin the Battel, I'll receive  
The *Dauphin* in his fight with doting fondness.

*Enter.*



*Enter the Dauphin followed at a distance by the Duke of Vendosme.*

*Du.* I've followed him with trembling steps unseen;  
Fearing he leads me to the fair Inchantress.  
My fears deceive me, or I heard him name her.  
Oh! If he lead's me to her, Heaven govern me.  
'Tis so! 'Tis She! they meet, embrace, and kiss.  
Devil lose my hand, thrust it not to my Sword.

*Damp.* Love, I must tell thee news, *Vendosme* is come;  
That fortunate proud slave; but I am going  
To take his Pride from him, and tumble him  
With that great Knave, his Father, in the dirt. *Exit.*

*Du.* Hark! hark! My death is plotted by 'em both.  
All true my Father told me! — Nay your Lover  
May take my pride from me, for he has taken  
My shame from me, the falsest Woman living.

*Lou.* You here?

*Du.* Yes, I am here.

*Lou.* Dare you approach me?

*Du.* Yes, but with fear, for sure you are not a Woman.  
A Comet glitter'd in the Air of late,  
And kept some weeks the frightened Kingdom waking;  
Long hair it had, like you, a shining aspect;  
Its beauty pleas'd at the same time it frightned,  
And every Horrour in it had a Grace.  
It has not now appear'd these several Months.  
Are you that Comet? Some Astrologers  
Say Sun, and Moon, and Stars, are living Creatures  
That feed on Vapours, are you come below  
To feast upon the reek of smoking hearts;  
Burnt by your self in that inflaming shape?

*Lou.* I understand you not.

*Du.* Sure some ill Spirit  
Assumes the shape of the Divine *Louize*;

And

And yet methinks a Demon us'd to darkness  
Shou'd not be able to approach such Light.  
May I have leave to touch that beautilous hand,  
Only to know if it be flesh and blood.

*Lou.* If you wou'd know, go ask your Prince the *Dauphin*.

*Du.* What? are you asham'd to shew it, it has lost  
Its native pureness, and is forc'd to borrow  
Whiteness from Royal Ermine, and Crown Lillies.

*Lou.* All this is dark.

*Du.* I'll bring you to the Light.

This pack o' hounds, we call our Passions,  
Shall hunt your falshood, and where e're it Earths it self  
I'll dig it out, and bring it to the day.  
But if you'll take it in your Arms, and kifs it,  
And say 'tis your's, 'tis like you, I am satisfi'd.

*Lou.* My Lord, I lov'd you once, still love your merit;  
But I, like Heaven, save none for humane excellence.  
Were you the greatest man that er'e was born,  
Yet if you fondly worship gawdy Idols,  
And will have no belief in me, away with you  
To your suppos'd *Elizium*'s, idle dreams.

*Du.* What do you call adoring gawdy Idols?  
To gaze on 'em?

*Lou.* To gaze on 'em with pleasure.  
Who worships me, must speak, and look, and think,  
According to my Rules; and if they seem  
Too hard to practise, let him take his Course,  
I will not give my Heaven to Libertines.

*Du.* But what if she I gaz'd on was your Image?  
Is it Idolatry t' adore your Image?

*Lou.* Yes, without leave. But you adore another  
Only as my Image, and blaspheme th'original.

*Du.* I blaspheme you?

*Lou.* You know what you have done.

*Du.* Yes, I once vow'd my heart to you for ever.

*Lou.* That is not all.

H

*Du.*

*Du.* What else ?

*Lou.* I scorn to think of it.

*Du.* You blush.

*Lou.* Nay, you wou'd have me dye, no doubt.  
You are enraged, after your cruel usage,  
To find me living ; living Gloriously.

*Du.* If you were in your Grave,  
You were more Glorious  
Than in your Guilt, there is no shame in death.

*Lou.* Yes, but there is much shame in death for Love ;  
A Woman dye for love ! Oh ! infamous !  
I hate to see't, so much as in a Play,  
And think such Plays are Libels to our Sex.  
I laugh when I see Ladies weeping at 'em ;  
Weep till they quite disorder their *doux yeux* ;  
Weep till their Tears wash away all their Paint.  
I wou'd not have that Woman sav'd, shou'd shame  
Our Sex by dying so immodestly.  
Indeed 'tis never done, or if it be  
'Tis never own'd ; the very waiting Women,  
When their hearts break, do scorn to have it known.  
And their Friends never put it in the Bill.  
What think's your Grace ? Am I in any danger ?  
Do I look pale at all ?

*Du.* No, Heaven be thank'd :  
Your Highness, Madam, looks exceeding well.  
Alas ! you are in th' Climate which agrees with you,  
The scorching clime of Glory ; But methink's  
The heat might put some Blushes in your Cheeks..

*Lou.* No, Heaven forbid !  
I wou'd by no means have it..  
Did secret love devour me, I'd no more  
Disclose my torment, than the *Spartan* Boy  
Did, whilst the hidden Fox gnaw'd all his entrails.  
But Love's a fire, and if it burns within  
'Twill smoke without ; do you see any smoke ?



Or in my looks one sign of inward Torment ?

*Du.* Not the least, Madam.

*Lon.* I am very glad of it.

My looks are honest then, and tell no falsehoods.

*Du.* I wish your Heart were but as faultless, Madam,  
As your looks are.

*Lon.* My Heart will serve my turn.

*Du.* Yes, it has serv'd your turn, for it has turn'd  
And turn'd, and turn'd, but always to the Sun.

*Lon.* Think and report it too, rather I had  
A thousand times be thought ambitious, perjur'd,  
Than such a wretch as a forsaken Woman.

*Du.* Madam, I'll do you right.

*Lon.* You will oblige me,  
And your self too, never to see me more ;  
For I shall ever vex your haughty heart.

*Du.* Well, Madam, I will make a shift to bear it ;  
But you by this, give me to understand  
I am a Storm that trouble your Delights,  
You cannot sing your Songs to your new Lover,  
With such a Thorn as I am at your Breast.

*Lon.* Oh ! you conjecture wrong, my Lord.

*Du.* No, Madam.

Well, I will leave you ; my tempestuous Breath  
Shall not ruffle your Bridal Curtains.

*Lon.* Oh ! you cannot ;  
Nor blow but one loose Feather from my pillow.

*Du.* Oh ! Yes ! yes ! I will go ! but wou'd it not  
Be for your ease to send your Conscience with me ?

*Lon.* Your own is heavier than you well can carry.

*Du.* But yours, I fear is murder'd ; If it be,  
It's Ghost will make your Glories burn as dim  
As Lamps that faint when an ill Spirit appears.

*Lon.* Well, stay or go, I'll not talk with you, of you,  
Look on you, think upon you, any more. —

*Enter a Gentleman.**Gent.* Madam, the *Dauphin's* asking for your Highness.*Lou.* Oh ! e're I see him, I must pour my grief out, [*Aside.*  
For my heart's full, and it is running over. *Exit.**La Gu.* So, Now the worst is past. — *Exit.**Du.* Was ever falshood

Drest in such gorgeous swelling Robes of arrogance ?

It is so big, no slender Robes can fit it.

Now sorrow thou hast found a passage to me,

All other wayes my Soul was inaccessible.

Fame I contemn, her Temple is a Brothel,

Where good and bad lie mingled all together.

Victory I scorn, I am not proud ; mankind

Is capable of Cowardise, and Death.

Titles I scorn, they are often fixt to Pamphlets.

Beauty is the only thing that conquer's me,

I am disarm'd by a white brittle Wand,

Vanquish't and robb'd of all, and then forsaken.

Still there's some chink made in us sons of sin,

For Misery and Death to enter in. *Exit.**Finis Actus Tertii.*

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A C T U S

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

*Enter the Duke of Vendosme.*

*Duke* **F**Arewel oh ! World, thou School of bearded Boys,  
Here empty Fools are honour'd for full Baggs,  
And well-fill'd minds despis'd for empty pockets;  
Men's eyes are dim, but Women's blind to excel-  
This beautious Woman look'd upon my Head (lence.  
And saw no Crown on it, and look'd no deeper.  
Thus are our Sex by Women oft deceiv'd,  
The Gallant thinks his Mistress sees his Qualities,  
She only sees his Equipage and Garniture.  
Th'old wooden Lord, sees a young Beauty glance  
He thinks on him; Alas ! 'Tis on a toy,  
More wooden than himself, his Coronet.  
The Statesman think's his great parts charm his Mistress,  
She only look's on's great House, his great Train.  
The brave young Hero think's his Mistress value's him,  
Because his Courage can support her Honour;  
'Tis for his Pages to hold up her Tayle.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* All things, my Lord, are ready for your Journey.

*Du.* I'me ready then: Now will I seek some place  
Where I may nevermore see any thing  
Like Man or Woman; specially like Woman,  
In some dark Forrest will I live, whose Shades  
May guard my Eyes securely from the Moon,  
Because 'tis bright, and changing like a Woman;  
Therefore I'll never see't but in Eclipse.

Barren



Barren shall be the Earth, and so bemum'd  
 And mortifi'd with shade, not all the Court-ship  
 Nor golden proffers of the Sun shall woe it,  
 Or bribe it to one smile; because if Flattery,  
 Riches and Pomp, can gain it, 'tis a Woman.  
 I will want breath, e're let the winds approach me,  
 Because they'r like th' inconstant sighs of Woman.  
 I never will see Summers vanishing dew,  
 Nor Winters shining Ice, 'cause both, like Woman.  
 The Dew turn's Air when once the Sun has kiss'd it.  
 And Woman in enjoyment proves Delusion,  
 Something less real than the dreams of fancy.  
 The Ice dissolves under the Sun's bright smiles.  
 And Woman always yield's when glory tempt's,  
 And then what e're is built upon her sink's.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Monsieur *La Marre*, my Lord, attends without.

*Du.* *La Marre*? What has that Fool to do with me?

*Ser.* He say's he has a Message from the King.

*Du.* He lyes, the King would send a wiser Messenger;  
 But since he use's the King's Name, admit him.

*Serv. goes out and introduces La Marre.*

*La Ma.* Now I'll establish a firm Interest in him. [*Aside.*  
 Your Grace's most obedient humble Servant,  
 I am extreamly joyful for your Graces  
 Glorious success; your Grace ha's done strange Marvels;  
 His Majesty has a very vast esteem for you,  
 He and I have talk't of you a thousand times.

*Du.* I thank you, Sir; Well, to be short, good Sir,  
 Have you any business with me?

*La Ma.* To be short,  
 There is no person in the World, my Lord,

More

More in esteem both with the King and *Dauphin*,  
And for my own part.

*Du.* For your part, I mean, Sir,  
Have you any business with me?

*La M.* Business, my Lord!  
Only that I'm your Graces humble servant;  
And so forth, and to pay my high respects,  
And so forth, and so forth — I know your Grace  
Has heard the great Court news, the *Dauphin's* Marriage  
With *Mademoiselle de Guise* is now made publick.  
Truth is, she is a very curious creature.  
Devil take me if she be not.

*Du.* Now I find it.  
This senseless Rogue is put on to abuse me.

[*Aside.*]

*La Ma.* What think's your Grace?  
Wou'd not so sweet a Creature  
Refresh you finely after a Campaign?  
In short, there will be a great Ball to night,  
The King, the *Dauphin*, and his beauteous Bride,  
Do all expect your Grace to be a Dancer.

*Du.* Plain, plain abuse! Sir, When was I a Dancer?  
My foot shall dance upon no Earth but this.

*Kicks him.*

*La Ma.* How? Kick, my Lord?  
What do you mean by this?

*Du.* You are put on by some to abuse me, Sirrah.

*La Ma.* You are put on by some to abuse me rather:  
My Lord, I do not understand the meaning of it;  
I shall not put up this. —

*Offer's to Draw.*

*Du.* Shall you not, Sir?

*The*

*The Duke offers to draw. La Marre puts up.*

*La M.* I shall at present; but the King shall know this.  
I am more considerable with the King  
Than you believe.

*Du.* Indeed there are in Court  
Too many such soft Heads as yours embroyder'd,  
And made State-Cushions, for great men to lean on;  
And Fortune often jump's from Heaven upon 'em.

*La M.* Soft Heads, and Cushions!  
Come, my Lord, be it known to you  
His Majesties Servants are not to be call'd  
Fools and Soft-heads, by e're a Peer of you all.  
The King shall know this; He'll not take it well.  
All this is, cause I did affront his Father,  
I'll do his Fathers business for this trick. — *Exit.*

*Du.* I find all Courts, are apt, like all great Mountains,  
To breed such little Cartel; and these Runts  
Do often draw weighty Affairs along.  
But oh! the Insolence of this Vile Woman,  
To set her fools upon me, to abuse me?  
Oh! there is Thunder forming in my Soul,  
Now shou'd I meet my Father and his Firebrands,  
Off shou'd I go, and rend the Court in pieces.  
He said, he'd bring me hither his Conspirators,  
I'll run for fear the strong Temptation seize me. *Exit.*

*The Scene is d awn, the Dauphin and Louize are  
sat in State, and entertain'd with Musick and  
Dancing. The Entertainment ended, Enter the  
Duke, He sees the Dauphin Caressing Louize.*

*A Song.*



A S O N G.

1.

**L**ong, long had great *Aminor* lain,  
At *Celia's* feet, and wept in vain;  
Not all his Youth, his Love, or Glory,  
But once cou'd make her hear his Story.  
One smile she to that Youth deny'd,  
For whom a thousand Beauties dyed.

Chor. *Yet all the while fair Celia prov'd,*  
*So haughty, so cruel, she secretly Lov'd.*

2.

Still, still he bravely bore his Pain,  
With Patience took her proud Disdain,  
Though all her Looks with Wounds did fill him,  
And every Word did almost kill him,  
To see her, or to hear her Speak.  
He was content his Heart shou'd break.

Chor. *Yet all the while fair Celia prov'd,*  
*So haughty, so cruel, she secretly Lov'd.*

3.

But beautiful *Celia* now fearing,  
His Heart should grow hard with long bearing;  
Not willing to Lose him,  
Doe's gentlier Use him,  
And drive's away all his Dispairing.

Oh now, brave *Aminor*, no Pity afford,  
Thou hast got her by Storm, now put all to th' Sword;  
To the Altar of Modesty, if she wou'd fly,  
It is but an Image, and there let her dye.

I

Now

Now *Celia* for *Pitty* is crying ;  
 But oh ! the Delight of that Dying !  
     Her Soul cannot shew it,  
     Her soul doe's not know it,  
 Her Soul in a Rapture is flying.  
 Love, like the Great *Turk*, in his Pleasures doe's sport,  
 With *Mutes*, in the innermost parts of his Court ;  
 He drives the dull Counsellor, *Thinking*, away,  
 And himself and his *Mutes*, out o' Breath he doe's play.

*Du.* Oh ! What infernal Spirit brought me hither ?  
 I am decreed for Wickedness ; I shall  
 Destroy that Prince, in spite of all that poor  
 Court Household-stuff, that Imagery about him.

*Daup.* Ha ! *Vendosme* there ? Leave me a while, my Love.

*Lou.* I will, but I will watch you do not hurt him. [*Aside.*  
 For still I love him, spight of all his falshood. *Exit.*

*Du.* He's coming ! My Heart swells, that my Ribbs bend  
 Like Bowes of Steel, ready to shoot my Soul at him.

*Daup.* Sir, you have long for'd or'e my head, but now  
 I'll bring you down ; Where is your Commission ?

*Du.* How ? My Commission ? where it shall remain  
 Till the King takes it ; Sir, in my own keeping.

*Daup.* How ? Shall ?

*Dauphin puts his Hand to his Sword.*

*Enter Louize.*

*Lou.* Oh ! hold, my Lord ?

*Daup.* What dost thou mean ?

*Lou.* Oh ! to hurt him will pierce your Father's heart ;  
 I beg you then, upon my knees, be calm.

*Dau.*

*Da.* What Storm so rude, which such a beautiful Halcyon  
Cannot soon calme : Traytor, this Angel here  
Has given thee life ; But know, thou art preserv'd  
To perish with thy Father on a Scaffold. *Exit.*

*Lou.* I'll save him too from that, or perish with him [*Aside.*  
*Exit.*

*Du.* Now a brave Fool, that had more Blood than Brains,  
Whose soul lay in his Arm, not in his Head,  
And had my Wrongs, and my Power to revenge 'em,  
Wou'd thrust his foolish Arm to reach Revenge,  
Though he pull'd all the Kingdom on his Head ;  
He wou'd accept the Match, the Devil offers me  
Instead of my lost Mistress, his own Daughter,  
The Heiress of all Hell, *Rebellion* ;  
I, the next minute, cou'd confound the Town  
Into a Temple o' Death, and marry her in it ;  
And with her, get the Riches of all *France*.  
And Hell has sent to Treat about the Match.  
His Kindred, cursed Passions to my Heart  
Here come his Agents on the same Affair.  
Mountain on Mountain, pil'd to scale my Honesty.

*Enter the Great Constable, La Force,  
and Conspirators.*

*Const.* Son ! Here are all our Friends.

*Duk.* Away with you,  
You scare my Loyalty out of its Wits.

*Const.* Thy Loyalty ? Thou art afraid, I see ;  
These are the honest Friends I told thee off.

*Duk.* You mean the Traytours.

*Const.* How ?

*Duk.* Yes, such you promis'd me,  
And I give Men and Things their proper Names.  
Scuffle for the World then how you will, you Traytors,  
There was but one sweet Spot in it I valued,



And it is sunk beneath me ; all the rest  
 Take he that will, and how, I do not care.  
 Go turn the Globe about then how you will,  
 There shall be in this wide World, one honest Man,  
 Though he has much a doe to keep his Honesty.

*Const.* Hold, Sir, come back again.

*Duk.* No, I have said.

*Const.* Thy thoughts?

*Duk.* My thoughts.

*Const.* And art thou such a Fool ?

What dost thou in a Court, or in the World ?  
 Go be a Monk, in hope of being Sainted,  
 Give Fryers all thy Gold, in the rich hopes  
 When thou art dead, they'll tippe thy Scull with Silver ;  
 Stink all thy Life, to be ador'd when Dead,  
 And have thy rotten Bones to Cure lame Leggs.

*Du.* Do you go joyn your plotting Heads and lose'em. *Ex.*

*La For.* Is this your fooling him so admirably ?  
 How chance we let him go, and did not kill him ?  
 Graves have no Ecchoes, Sculls want Coverings  
 Of Flesh and Blood, but hide a Secret better.

*Const.* I'll Kill him with more pleasure than I Got him.  
 I Got him ? I ner'e got him, he's a Bastard ;  
 No Honesty cou'd ever spring from me.

*i. Consp.* Curse on his Piety.

*Const.* Some Priest begot him,  
 Lay with his Mother when she slept at Prayers,  
 That makes the World appear a Dream to him.

*La For.* The Mother is the chief Ingredient in him.

*Const.* I ought not to get Children of a Woman,  
 I ought to mix with nothing but a Chaos,  
 And get Confusion to the Universe,  
 And then the Children wou'd be like the Father.

*La For.* I ner'e approved trusting so rank a Secret  
 To such a tender Mind ; I knew 't wou'd gripe him  
 His Conscience wou'd have Qualm's.

*Const.*

*Const.* Ay, there's the thing !  
We breed our Children's Minds as tenderly  
And Womanish as their Bodies ; he who means  
To have a gallant Son, must plunge his Soul  
Or'e head and ears betimes in Wickedness,  
Then when he is a Man 'twill be his Element.  
He must not let him go wrapp'd warm in Silk  
Spun from the silly Worms in a Priests Head,  
But go stark naked, then he'll feel no cold.  
For Conscience is but the Soul's outward Skin  
Use it to Nakedness, it feels no Weather,  
Use it to Labour, and it never Blisters.  
If I had us'd this Fool to sin, I might  
Have lodg'd my Treason in his brawny Head  
As safe as Poyson in an Ass's Hoofe.

*La For.* But now it crack's his chrystal Wit, and spills.  
I hate these chriftal Wits, they are good for nothing  
But to make flattering Looking-glasses for Ladies.

*Const.* He say's he'll keep his honesty ; damn'd Sot !  
What will he do with it ? Go beg with it ?  
For in this Age 'tis of no other use,  
But like a Beggar's Child, to move Compassion,  
Yet never gaines the half it cost in keeping,  
For all Men will suspect it for a Bastard.

*Enter an Officer with a Guard.*

*Off. and the Gua.* Resign your selves my Lords ;  
You are my Prisoners.

*Const.* How Sir ? Your Prisoners ?

*Off.* Your own Son, my Lord,  
Charges you with High Treason against the King,  
And bloody cruelties to Count *Brisac*.

*Const.* Oh ! cursed Villain !

*La For.* Villaines both of you.

1. *Const.* You are, you have betray'd us all.  
All Betray'd.

2. *Con.*

2. *Const.* A trick to ruine us, and beg our Fortunes.

*Const.* Ha! ha! ha! [Laughs.

*La For.* How! Are you laughing at us?

*Const.* Yes; I am.

1. *Const.* You did design we shou'd be seiz'd then?

*Const.* Yes.

And I laugh heartily to see you all Sigh,  
As you were bottling up Air in your Bellies  
To serve you when your Wind-pipes are cork'd up.  
But come poor Men, be comforted, all's well,  
I ramm'd this Fool up to the mouth with Treason,  
Not to hurt us, but to break him in Pieces.

*Enter the King, Duke, Guard.*

*K.* So Sir, Your Son informs me ex'lent things of you.

*Const.* Art thou, unnatural Monster, my Accuser?

*Duk.* I am; The secrets tore out of my Breast  
And broke all Barrs of Nature.

*Const.* Oh! vile Wretch!  
Seek to destroy his Being, who gave thee thine?

*Du.* What greater Curse than Being cou'd you give me,  
With all the Plagues your sins entayle upon it.  
You spent your own and all my sins beforehand  
And morgag'd me to Hell before you got me,  
For more than I was worth.

*Const.* Thou mak'st me mad!

*Du.* Ambition makes you so.  
If I had that disease, I'de have my Head  
Trepan'd, to let out all the windy Vapours,  
Rather than swell so big, till my Brains crack.

*Enter the Dauphin, La Marre, and Train.*

*Daup.* Where's the Constable? bold daring Traytor!  
And hast thou dar'd to wrack the Man I lov'd

For



For whose least hair I took thy Head in pawn ?  
Know I will have thee broken on the Wheele,  
If thou hast dar'd only to break his sleep.

*Const.* I am contented.

*K.* Why ! Is he not hurt ?

*Const.* Not that I know of.

*K.* Did not you inform me,  
You saw him newly taken from the Wrack ?

*Du.* I did.

*Const.* You did, then it was you that wrackt him.  
If so, Sir, you have serv'd me a fine trick,  
To torture him and put it upon me.

*K.* But, Sir, he saie's you put it upon me,  
And fought by that to tempt him into Treason.

*Const.* I never tempted him nor talk'd with him.  
I scarce have seen him since he came to Court.

*K.* I am amaz'd !

*Daup.* What jugling's here between you ?

*D.* I'me half afraid he has put some trick upon me. [*Aside.*

*Const.* You see he's silent, Sir, he know's not what  
To say, nor I to think. Well, I've observ'd  
These damn'd half witted and half honest fellows,  
Like *Africa*, have things of different kind  
Meet and engender, and get monsters in 'em.  
Their wit and folly couple, and get non-sence,  
With a strange face of sence ; their knavery and honesty  
Beget a Devil with an honest look,  
And such a Monster is this fellow's lye.  
Or else perhap's he is a down-right Traytor,  
And is a partner in *Brisac's* Conspiracy,  
And he wou'd make my Bloud the *Aqua fortis*  
To eat his partners Prison bars asunder.  
I believe that.

*Daup.* Come, you are Villain's both.

*La Ma.* A'nt please your Highness, you have hit upon it.  
The Duke of *Vendosme* affronted me this morning

Only

Only because I mention'd you with honour;  
I told him I wou'd find a time to tell you.

K. Who bids you meddle? give away that fellows  
Employment presently.

*La Ma.* Give away my Employment?

K. Be gon, Sir,

*La Ma.* Sir it cost me five years purchase.

K. Be gon, Sir.

*La Ma.* Sir, I have had no salary  
Since I came in it.

*r. Courtier.* Stand prating to the King?  
Out of the presence.

*La Ma.* Sir, I've paid for prating.

*Court.* Well, if you have, Sir, go prate somewhere else.

*La Ma.* Here's a fine business, turn'd away for Loyalty.  
Well, I will be reveng'd upon the Court.

I know some Male-contents that I will stick to.

*Const.* Now, to conclude the strife, open those doors.

*The Scene is drawn, and Brisac is sitting drest, awake,  
and well.*

*Du.* This sight, or th'other was a strange Delusion,

*Const.* Witchcraft, you know I traffick with the Devil.

*Dau.* I am amaz'd at this! How do's *Brisac*?

*Vendosme* reported that his Father wrack'd thee.

*Brisac.* He threatned me indeed, but durst not do it.

*Daup.* Some damn'd design was forg'd between 'em both;  
I'll trust thee to him no longer.

K. I'm convinc't:

You tamperd with your Son, and put some trick on him.

*Const.* So, I am still judg'd guilty, though my Innocence  
Has past the Ordeal of the burning noon;  
Ha's trod the Light unscorch't! — Oh! equal doings.

*Daup.* If thou beest innocent, thy Son's a Cannibal,  
Who feed's his Greatness with his Fathers flesh;

And

And to the horrid feast, invites the King,  
'Tis so ! 'tis so ! the Monster, Sir, abuses you,  
He gives you Philters in his Father's Scul,  
And you drink down the damn'd bewitching draught.  
Throw 't up again, if you will keep your Crown.

K. I'll keep my Crown, and therefore I will keep  
Him who protects my Crown from thy Ambition.  
Come in, I guess the meaning of this Riddle.

*The King goes out leading the Duke.*

Const. Not all this do :

[*Aside.*

Daup. And shall this potent slave  
Still rule the King, and trample upon me ?  
I'll make his Father ruine him. [*Aside.*] My Lord,  
I find you were mis-represented to me.

Const. I'me glad you find it, Sir, your noble Youth  
Has not yet play'd enough with the World's Tennis Ball,  
To know its cursed Tricks.

Daup. I am convinc'd,  
Your Son's the Villain, that I thought you were.

Const. I'me now convinc't of it to my great sorrow.

Daup. He blackens you, to make himself seem bright.

Const. And, Sir, 'twas he that blackned you to me.

Daup. Oh ! Villain !

Const. Now I find his tricks ; He secretly  
Puts Pirats Colours out at both our Sterns,  
That we might fight each other in mistake,  
Then he shou'd share the Ruines of us both !

Daup. I will remove him.

Const. Oh ! By all means, Sir.

Da. My Father's Old, What then ? Age like a Caterpillar  
Will crawl upon the Leaves of a young Tree  
'Till it has eaten away all it's Beauty ;  
And I'll not wast my golden youth in Bondage,  
To a proud slave.

K

Const.



*Const.* T'were better he were damn'd,  
Had I more Sons, than wou'd Eclipse the Sun,  
I'de kill 'em all, if they stood in your Light.

*Daup.* That's nobly said.

*Const.* I'll do as well; the King  
Shall send this slave e're night to the Bastile.

*Daup.* Do this, and you and I will share the Kingdom.

*Const.* Sir, let me share your Heart, that's all I ask.

*Daup.* You shall have that, and all that *France* can give.

*The Constable kisses the Dauphin's band,*

*The Dauphin Embraces him.*

*Enter Courtiers.*

1. *Court.* How's this? he's great again! he's wound himself  
Into the *Dauphin's* Favour, who abhor'd him.

2. *Court.* Who ever thought this had been possible?

3. *Con.* Nothing's impossible to this damn'd *Constable*. [*Aside*

1. *Con.* He'll be more absolute than e're he was. — [*Aside*.

Well I will be the first shall strike in with him,

Gentlemen, I'me glad to see this sight.

The *Constable's* a man of excellent parts.

Devil take his parts, and him —

[*Aside*

2. *Con.* Oh! most rare parts.

Pox on his parts. We'll stick on all our skirts.

*Daup.* My Lord, from this time forward I'me your Friend.

*Const.* And I your Highnesses most faithful slave.

*Bris.* Sir, Are you in earnest with him?

*Daup.* Ask no Questions.

*Ex. Daup. Brisac.*

*The Courtiers run all and salute the Constable.*

*All.* My Lord! my Lord.

*Const.* Oh! now the Flyes come buzzing!

*All.* My Lord, your Grace's humble servant.

*Const.* Buzz!

*All.*

*All.* My Lord! my Lord!

*Const.* Nay Gentlemen, start fair,  
Don't think you are in a progress; carve me hanfomly.

1. *Con.* My Lord, believe me, I'me your Grace's servant.

*Const.* I know it, Sir.

1. *Con.* I am indeed, my Lord.

*Const.* I'll take my Oath on't.

2. *Con.* My Lord, I honour your Grace most particularly.

*Const.* Particular Coxcomb.

3. *Con.* Oh! my Lord, I honour you,  
And ever did with all my heart and soul.

*Const.* Sir, You and I have but one Soul between us.

3. *Con.* Nay! I beseech you.

*Const.* *Pylades and Orestes.*

1. *Con.* Your Grace is pleasant.

*Const.* Oh! your Worships Jester.

2. *Con.* Damn him, he laugh's at's all!  
I'll scrape no more to him.

*Const.* Out! out you filly Rascals, do you hope  
To sell your Leggs, and Bows, and Nods to me?  
Were but your Leggs as rotten as your Hearts,  
I'de pull 'em off, and beat you about the heads with 'em,  
For thinking you could pawme such stuffe on me.

*All.* What? what?

*Const.* Out! out! I say, you Flies! you Maggots!

*He thrust's 'em out.*

This Greatness is a perfect *Holland Cheese*,  
Pour Wine into't, and it bleeds Maggots presently.  
The *Dauphin* only pour'd some smiles into me,  
And see how soon the Maggots crawl about me.  
Well, han't I brought you off?

*All.* To Admiration.

*La For.* Now I shall dare to trust my Fortunes with you,  
once more.

*Const.* How, trust your Fortunes! you may venture  
To have your Heads cut off; if I advise you,  
For I have tricks to put 'em on again, ni sic nov quide ad  
And put 'em on better than e're they were.

*La For.* I had rather keep mine on just as it is.

*Const.* Now I will tell you how I fool'd my Son.  
I cast *Brisac* into deep sleep with *Opium*,  
Then shew'd him as if taken from the *Wrack*,  
Thinking that way to fool him; if I could not;  
I laid a Trap for him to fool himself;  
So every way I rid the *Mule*, and made him  
Carry me up the *Alps* of my *Designs*,  
I'm now about a Plot shall take effect;  
You'll see th'event with speed.

*La For.* Farwel till then.

*Exit La Force and Conspirators.*

*Const.* Now to my Work; here comes my Instrument.

*Enter La Guard.*

*La Gua.* My Conscience! Conscience!

*Const.* Now what ail's your Conscience?  
These little Souls wear great long proking Consciences,  
That make 'em stumble every step they go.

Away with thy fool's bauble of a Conscience,  
A Horn-book is not so ridiculous;

Thy Mother tyed it to thee in thy Childhood,  
And thou art such an Ass to wear it still.

Away with it, and do me one more kindness.

*La Gua.* I'll do you no more kindnesses.

*Const.* You shall.

Do not refuse me, for fear I use you *scurvily*.

*La Gua.* What dare you do?

*Const.* Do not you dare to trust.

You.



You I have fast ; your Lover is my slave,  
And he shall to the Gallies.

*La Gua.* To the Gallies !

*Const.* What, to prevent me, you'll complain perhaps  
How ill I use persons of Quality,  
A noble Knight, and Lady of the post.

*La Gua.* Of your own dubbing.

*Const.* Who are very dextrous  
At any knavery, and to keep your Lover  
You'll have his Ears nail'd to the Pillory.

*La Gu.* Oh ! base ! base man ! Now dare not I refuse him,  
Well, What is this sweet business I must do ?

*Const.* To bring the Princess and my Son together,  
And when in talk their Spirits begin to mount,  
And get a prospect of the treachery,  
Confess it all, and lay it on the *Dauphin*.

*La Gua.* And what if your Son kills me ?

*Const.* How ? He kill thee ?  
Ah ! poor tame fool, he will not kill a Flea.

*La Gua.* Nay, he is not so bloody a man as you are,

*Const.* Well, let him be as bloody as he will,  
I'll guard thee safely : take thy Lover then  
And fly whither you will, I'll yearly give you  
A Pension shall maintain you in such Equipage,  
That go to *England*, and thy Love shall pass  
For a *French* Count, thou for a *French* Countess.  
See my Son comes, go fetch the Princess presently.

*La Gua.* Well, this shall be the last foul trick I'll play. *Ex.*

*Enter the Duke of Vendosme.*

*Du.* I'll go ! I'll go ! Farwel my Fortunes, Honours,  
Successes, Glories, Power, gawdy Rags,  
Which all together make up one fine Baby.  
I'll fling the Rags and Tinsel to the Winds,  
And let Chance pick 'em up, and give 'em Fools.

*Enter*

Let pride and vanity give Women's hearts  
 To whom they will ; let Destiny give Crowns,  
 Let *England* now belch fire and o'rewhelm *France* ;  
 Let Old Time mix the Nations in his Cup  
 To please his Palate, and then drink 'em off ;  
 Let Tyrants pour down Rivers of Men's blood,  
 To grind the World ; all this shall never reach  
 My care or thoughts, and when I once am got  
 Into the still and silent room's of Death,  
 Not all the coyle and rumbling skuffling Nations  
 Can keep over my Head, will e're wake me.

*Enter Louize weeping. La Guard.*

See ! here ! the beautilous cause of my destruction,  
 And weeping ! Oh ! I have observ'd though Pride  
 Endeavours to fill up her Robe of Glory,  
 It dragg's in sorrow, and it doe's not fit her.  
 Madam.

*Lo.* He here ?

*Du.* Nay, do not fly me, Madam.

*Lo.* Have I not told you my firm Resolutions ?

*Du.* Madam you have, but you can change your mind.

*Lo.* You come with hopes to vex me with new upbraidings.

*Du.* I come to please you, with acquainting you  
 I'm going to free you from this wretch for ever.

*Lo.* Or go, or stay, I am indifferent.

*Du.* Pardon me if I think you are not indifferent.

Iv'e peep'd on the Inside of your Marriage Chain,  
 And find it Gold but slightly lin'd with Love.

Yes, you have given your self to Pomp, not Love :

To the King's Son, not to the youthful Bridegroom,

You hug not him, but *Pharamond* and *Pippin*,

You have married Titles, Crouds, and Noise, and Forms,

And now the Lumber hurts you, makes you weep.

*Lo.* I am contented you believe all this.

*Du.*

*Du.* Well, Madam, Heaven pardon you my ruine.  
My Life has stream'd or'e Fortunes richest Mines,  
But ne're did taste of any thing but Love,  
And that sole sweetness, you make bitter to me.

*Lo.* Oh ! this is full of Art, twisting the mind  
The wrong side outward break's no bones, I see.

*Du.* Madam, I'me well assur'd, you will not send  
One poor thought after me, much less a Messenger,  
To know the truth, but if you do, he'll find  
In some unfinished part of the Creation,  
Where Night and Chaos never were disturb'd,  
And now grown old, are uglier than ever,  
And bed-rid, lye, in some dark rocky desert,  
There will he find a thing, whether a Man,  
Or the collected shadows of the Desert,  
Condens'd into a shape, he'll hardly know ;  
This Figure he will find walking alone,  
Poring one while on some sad Book, at noon,  
By Taper-light, for never day shone there.  
Sometimes laid groveling on the barren earth,  
Moist with his Tears, for never Dew fell there.  
And when Night comes, not known from Day by darkness;  
But by some faithful Messenger of Time,  
He'll find him stretch't upon a bed of stone,  
Cut from the bowels of some rocky Cave,  
Off'ring himself either to Sleep or Death,  
And neither will accept the dismal Wretch.  
At length a slumber in its infant Arms,  
Take's up his heavy soul, but wanting strength  
To bear it, quickly lets it fall again,  
At which the Wretch starts up, and walk's about  
All night, and all the time it shou'd be day,  
Till quite forgetting, quite forgot of ev'ry thing  
But sorrow, pines away, and in small time,  
Of th' only man that durst inhabit there,  
Becom's the only Ghost that dares walk there.



For Ghosts turn paler when they look that way,  
Thus never end's his grief, but now ends yours.

*Offers to go.*

*Lou.* Oh! stay, my Lord! What do you mean by this?  
Must not you blame your self for all the sorrows  
Which we both suffer? Had not you first thrown  
Contempt on me, I wou'd have been your Wife,  
Have been your Wife? have rather been a Tree  
On which your Name was carv'd, than Queen of *France*.

*Du.* How I throw scorn on you?

*Lou.* Rude, Publick scorn;  
Your Army is my Witness, your own Hand,  
I have it under your own Hand and Seal,  
You scorn'd my Love, and beg'd release of Vows.

*Du.* Oh! now Hell yawn's, and Treachery appear's

*La Gu.* He'll kill me.

*The Constable appears between the Scenes, and stops La Guard  
who is running out.*

*Const.* I'll protect thee.

*La Gu.* I'll be gone.

*Const.* I'll kill thee then.

*La Gu.* I'm in a fine condition.

*Du.* I write these things! If this right Arm were rotting,  
And but to write such things wou'd charm it sound,  
E're I wou'd let it write, I'de let it rot.

You know this too, Why wou'd you credit 'em?  
My bosom Friends said you were false, and I  
Abhor'd 'em all, as men that had the Plague  
Of Lying and Slandering, broke out upon 'em,  
And I was ready with my Sword, to write  
Upon their Bosoms, Lord have mercy on 'em.

*Lou.* Besides a hundred Witnesses, *La Guard's*  
Acquaintance heard you —

*Du.*

*Du.* Your acquaintance Mistress ?  
You are the Witch, I find has rais'd this storm,  
Assisted by some Devil of your acquaintance.

*La Gu.* Oh ! ———

*Du.* Tell the Treachery, or I will rip thee,  
And search for it in every vein thou hast.

*La Gu.* Indeed, my Lord, I'm innocent.

*Du.* Thou lyest.

No eyes but thine beheld our secret Loves,  
And none cou'd come behind us but thy self,  
And give us such a deadly deadly fall.

*La Gu.* Oh ! Pardon me, and I'll confess.

*Du.* I will.

*La Gu.* Swear.

*Du.* Then I swear.

*La Gu.* The *Dauphin* then perceiving  
The Princess constant in her love to you,  
Got all those Letters forg'd, brib'd all those Witnesses  
To blast your Interest, and forc'd me to help him.

*Du.* Enough,— be gon,— had I not sworn to pardon thee  
Yet I must do't, Nature give's man a Sacrament,  
In his own blood, never to hurt a Woman :  
But quickly fly, lest I break both those Oaths.

*Con.* Most ex'lent Lyar ! — *To La Gu. between the Scenes.*

*La Gu.* Ex'lent Devil you are.

*Ex.*

*Du.* I am decreed, I find, to kill the *Dauphin*.

*Const.* See, in what season my Stars bring the *Daup.* [*Aside.*

*Lou.* Oh !

*Lou.* Weep's, faint's, fall's into the Duke's Arms ;  
*At that instant the Constable brings in the Dauphin,*  
*and shews 'em to him.*

*Daup.* Ha !

*Const.* Oh ! Peace, Sir, let us listen to 'em,  
I left 'em kissing.

L

*Daup.*

*Daup.* Kissing !

*Const.* Kissing close, Sir.

*Lou.* For this I do abhor and loath the *Dauphin*.  
I am resolv'd he ne'er shall touch me more.

*Daup.* Oh ! Whore !

*Const.* Pray silence, Sir ! For I'de feign have you  
Be fully satisfied.

*Lou.* His Love and Glory  
Were both to me a tasteless Witches Feast,  
They vanish when so e'er your Name was nam'd,  
Like those Delusions at the name of Heaven.

*Dau.* I've heard enough, I'll feast you, you damn'd Whor-

*Du.* The *Dauphin*.

*Dauphin draw's, wound's Louize, she falls.*

*The Duke draw's, fight's, disarm's the Dauphin.*

*Dau.* Villain ! draw upon thy Prince ?  
Go call the Guard.

*Const.* Yes, and I'll call the King,  
To let him see the Virtues of his Favourite.

*Exit.*

*Daup.* What ! Wilt thou kill me, Traytour ?

*Du.* No, I will not.

The Flowers of Graves, and Moss of Royal Sculls  
Protect your Head.

*Daup.* Bold slave, talk thus imperiously  
To a great Prince.

*Du.* To a great Prince ! a Dwarf,  
Whom men wou'd never see, did you not stand  
Upon your Kingly Ancestors high Monuments.  
Oh ! Heaven ! That I must see that Beautious Innocence  
Rowl in her Blood, and let her Murderer live,  
'Cause a King got him.

*Daup.* How ! that Beautious Innocence ?  
That Whore o' thine, but I ha' cool'd her Blood.

*Du.* Oh ! He will pull my Sword upon his Breast.

*As*



*As he stands in a raging threatening posture;  
Enter the King, Constable, Guard.*

*Const.* Now, you may see, Sir, what a youth this is.

*Daup.* Hold ! kill him not, take him alive I charge you.  
Your virtuous man here has abus'd my Bed,  
And 'cause I have discover'd him, wou'd murder me.

*Du.* How we are wrong'd !

*Daup.* You wrong'd ?

*Du.* Yes, by your self.

*Daup.* By me ? Was ever heard such Impudence ?  
Away with him.

*Exit, a Guard with the Duke.*

*Const.* What shall be done with her ?

*Daup.* I care not what's done with her, let Doggs eat her.  
Hold, now I think on't, search her for a Picture.

*Off.* Sir, here's a Picture newly fallen from her.

*Daup.* Look here, the Picture of her damn'd Adulterer,  
This have I seen ! — Oh ! I'm too mad to talk.

*K.* I'm carried from my Reason with amazement.  
In all this shame, behold, proud boy, the punishment  
Of thy bold disobedience to my Will.  
And now for *Vendosme's* sake, I'll never Love  
Nor Trust man more. —

*Exit.*

*Daup.* Away with that lewd Woman.

*Louize is carried off.*

And now your Son, since he boast's Innocence,  
I will have wrack't, and do you see it done.

*Const.* I see it done !

*Daup.* Ay, Sir, if you expect  
I keep my Promise.

*Const.* If?*Daup.* Ay! If.*Const.* If. —*Daup.* If. —

I put him upon this to make him odious,  
And then I'll throw him off. I know him for  
A turbulent great Rogue, and I abhor him.

[*Aside.**Ex.*

*Const.* Brought to an If already? I am fool'd.  
My Fortunes hung on such a rotten twigg.

*Enter La Force.**La For.* Ha! in distraction? What's the matter with you?*Const.* Oh! If! if! if!*La For.* What do you mean by If?

*Const.* I am possess'd, possess'd by Fiends call'd Tyrants,  
And all my stomach's full of Ropes and Axes;  
Oh! for a lusty draught of luke-warm Blood,  
The *Dauphin's* blood, to make me throw 'em up.

*La For.* I do not understand you at all.*Const.* How shou'd you?

Your Head and mine hang both upon an If.

*La For.* What mean's that If?

*Const.* The *Dauphin* has deluded me,  
Has made me tumble down my Son, my Pillar.  
Now he's destroying me, and you, and all. —

*La For.* Me!*Const.* You.

*La For.* The Devil's in your unlucky Friendship.  
I will take horse, and out o' Town this minute.

*Const.* Take Horse, take Arms!

Go, mount my Son's brave Troops,  
And ride 'em o're the Heads of these false Tyrants.

*La For.* They are not such Asses to be rid so easily,  
Upon an expedition to the Moon.

*Const.* Oh! take a Tube, and shew 'em all a World.

Of

Of Glory in that Moon, and golden Mines there,  
Plundering, and Ravishing; then tell 'em all  
They will be all Cashier'd, and without pay,  
Or rather in their General's Coyn be paid,  
Be wrack'd for Traytours, torn to single money.

*La For.* Must he be wrack't?

*Const.* By me, his Father.

*La For.* Barbarous!

*Const.* That grieves me not, I'de make no more to Kill  
Such a tame Fool, than to spill so much Milk.

*La For.* What, though your Son?

*Const.* Were all mankind my Children,  
I wou'd hang half, to rule the other half.  
My Honours! Honours! grieve me: Go — raise the Army.  
I'me trusted with my Son; and I will tempt him,  
Or force him out to 'em; either will do.

If he be with 'em, though in close Confinement  
'Twill do, that will be judg'd a shew. — Go! go!  
He pawses — so! — my Whirle-pool sucks 'em in. [*Aside.*]  
He shall be dipt in this, I'll not come near it.

*La For.* He mingles Reason so with all his Knavery,  
None can divide the Ratsbane from the Honey,  
And I shall swallow't, though it rot my Head off.

*Const.* Rot Head and Tail, and every part o' me,  
I had rather lose 'em all in noble strife,  
Than let 'em mouldy in a quiet Life. —

*Ex.*

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*Finis Actus Quarti.*

ACTUS



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## ACTUS QUINTUS.

*A Prison, the Duke.*

*Du.* **W**H O look's upon this World, and not beyond it,  
 To the abodes it leads to, must believe it  
 The bloody Slaughter-house of some Ill Power,  
 Rather than the contrivance of a Good one.  
 Ev'ry thing here breeds misery to man,  
 The Sea breeds Storms to sink him. If he flies  
 To Shore for Ayd, The Shore breeds Rocks to tear him.  
 The Earth breeds Briars to rend him, Plants to poyson him,  
 Beasts of prey to devour him, Trees to hang him;  
 Those things that seem his Friends, are false to him:  
 The Air that gives him Breath, gives him Infection.  
 Meat takes his Health away, and Drink his Reason.  
 His Reason is so great a bosom plague to him,  
 He never is so pleas'd as when he's rob'd on't  
 By Drink or Madness. Reason is an Arrow  
 Shot in his Head by Nature, to torment him;  
 And he's in pleasure when Wine rott's the Arrow,  
 Or the Moon pull's it out. All things conspire  
 The misery and death of the World's Tyrant;  
 His Cups are mingled with Sweat, Tears, or Poyson.  
 Pain keeps both Doors of this cursed World, and hands  
 The Tyrant in, and doggs him all the way,  
 And never leaves him 'till she thrusts him out.

*Enter the Great Constable,*

*Const.* Get the Wrack ready.

*A Wrack*

*A Wrack, a Table, Light, Pen and Paper.*

*Keeper.* 'Tis ready.

*Const.* Bring my Son out.

*Keep.* Here he is, —

*Enter the Duke.*

*Const.* Go leave me with him. — So, Sir, are you here ?  
Now you'll believe my Principles are true.  
Who ever wou'd be vertuous, is a Fool ;  
For he endeavours to plant Vertue here  
In a damn'd world, where it no more will grow  
Than Oranges in *Lap-land*. It is true,  
'Twill peere sometimes a little above ground,  
But never but in dung of poverty;  
And then it smell's so ill, People of *Quality*  
Ne're take it in their Bosom's.

*Du.* Very well.

*Const.* Nay, the projecting fool that aims at Vertue,  
Is a ridiculous Chymist, that wou'd make  
A vertuous thing out of a Man or Woman,  
Who have not a grain of honesty about 'em;  
And they have some parts can never be made honest.  
Nay, there is no false fellow like your fool.  
Who wou'd be virtuous ? for your steady Villain  
Who sticks at nothing, is most true to every thing ;  
But your lame fool who halt's 'tween Vice and Vertue,  
Is false to both, and so is true to nothing,  
And so has no Friends in Heaven or Hell,  
And that's the reason he never thrives.

*Du.* Oh ! Divine Maximes these !

*Const.* Sir, they are true.

Perhaps there never were such things as Ve:tue's,  
But only in men's Fancies like the Phenix.

Or

Or if they once have been, they'r now but Names  
 Of Natures lost, which came into the World,  
 But cou'd not live nor propagate their kind.  
 How shou'd they propagate? Your virtuous fellow  
 Is an *Hermophradite*, he has two Sexes.  
 Virtue and Vice, and such a Monster thou art:  
 To glory thou art a Girle, but to Woman  
 Thou art a vig'rous Man! Oh! thou poor sinner!  
 To scorn Ambition, the sin of Angels,  
 And stoop to be a Goat.

*Du.* This Accusation

Ha's no more truth than any of your Maximes.

*Const.* Deny it? You do'nt know you shall be Wrack'd?

*Du.* Be Wrack'd!

*Const.* Be Wrack'd.

*Du.* You bring a Bed agreeing

To the fine Lodging you have provided for me.

*Const.* It is a Bed the *Dauphin* has provided you,  
 Where you must lye, till you confess your Crimes,  
 Your Treason, and Adultery.

*Du.* Do's the *Dauphin*

Give his fair murder'd Princess this embalming,  
 To wrap her up in stinking defamation?

*Const.* Oh! I shall supple your stiff humour.

*Du.* Never.

You'l sooner carve me into a Toad than Lyar.

*Const.* Will you talk thus upon the Wrack and Scaffold?

*Du.* On both; and more: I will affirm the *Dauphin*  
 Wrong'd us, and not we him.

*Const.* How?

*Du.* This is Truth.

*Const.* If this be Truth, then am I finely fool'd.

*Du.* I know not that, but I am deeply wrong'd.

*Const.* Then so am I, wrong'd, fool'd, deluded, gull'd,  
 To drink my own Son's blood hot from his Veins,  
 That I may smell most rank to all mankind,

An



And have Doggs fly at me where e're I go.  
Oh ! barb'rous ! made to murder my own Son,  
A Valiant young man, a wise young man,  
An Innocent young man.

*Du.* No more, my Lord.

There's alwayes some Venome in your Paint,  
You ne're Guilded any but in hopes to Rot 'em,  
You never Stroke a Head, but it Fall's off.

*Const.* Is it my Heart, or all the City Trembles ?  
Oh ! that some Earthquake now wou'd make all *Paris*,  
Rowle, and o're-lay her Children in their sleep,  
Kill all of 'em but this young man and me.  
What need I wish for Slaughter ? there will be  
Enough to night, and let it be for me.

*Du.* What doe's he mean now ? there is in his breast  
A restless, bottomless, black Sea of wickedness,  
And I must dive into't — [*Aside*] What is your meaning ?

*Const.* Tis this ; Your Troops, the City, the Nobility,  
Both out of Love to You, and Hate to Tyranny,  
Demand your Life, or clear Proofs of your Crimes,  
Else they resolve to fill up with their Swords  
The Gap your Death will make for Tyranny  
To flow upon 'em ; I, who thought you guilty,  
Was cheated by these Tyrants, to come hither  
And Wrack you into a Lyar, to save them.

*Du.* Why did I plunge into his Breast, a Sea [*Aside.*  
Wou'd make the Devil sick if he flew over it,  
And tumble like a Bird that flies o're *Jordan* ?  
Oh ! how I am confounded ?

*Const.* Ha ! I see  
Loyalty strugling in thy noble Nature  
For a brave lye to save thy Prince from danger.  
Do what thou wilt, for my part, I'll not counsel thee ;  
'Tis true, you wou'd do well to save your Prince,  
For it will breed strange Gangreens all o're *France*,  
To have a Great Man shuffled out of Life,

M

They

*The Ambitious Statesman,*

They can't tell how to please the *Dauphin's* envy;  
 And yet, me-thinks, to save him by acknowledging  
 Your self a Villain, and the Princess Whore!  
 Oh! out upon't! I'de let the Kingdom perish  
 Ere I would be a Dog to lick its Sores  
 With a foule Tongue.

*Du.* Oh! How does he distract me? —

*Const.* I see that Paper draws thy kind Eye towards it,  
 Thou hast a mind to be scribbling, — take it.

*Gives him Paper.*

But you must write down all the Circumstances,  
 How oft, and when, and where, you enjoyed the Princess.

*The Duke Tears the Paper.*

Ha! You resolve then rather to be torn,  
 And let the King be torn too, like this Paper.

*Du.* Nor that.

*Const.* What then?

*Du.* I will go Head my Troops.

*Const.* Ha! Now thou speak'st indeed? Thou art cast anew  
 Into the very mettle I wou'd have thee.

Ring out that Bell, that passing Bell of Tyranny.

Proclaim thy Innocence by Trumpet's Sounds,

And with thy Sword and Pike bore all deaf Ears.

If thou must go into another world,

Go like a Gallant man, not creepingly

Like a poor Rogue into a House by night,

Through Grates and Holes will rare thy flesh to Raggs,

And make thy Friends in Heaven asham'd to own thee.

*Da.* Which way shall I get hence?

*Const.* In my own Chair,

We will go both together out, unknown.

My Chair.

*Enter*

*Enter Chair-man with a Chair.*

*Du.* Will you go with me to the Army ?

*Const.* No, I'll preserve a certain Friend for thee  
In case uncertain Fortune prove thy Enemy.

Go out a while, ——— *To the Chair-men : who go out.*

*Du.* I want a Sword.

*Const.* Take mine.

*The Constable gives the Duke his Sword, who draws it.*

*Du.* Now know, my Lord, I've once out-witted you,  
I've div'd into you, and I find your Plots,  
You have stir'd up my Army to Rebellion,  
And now you fain wou'd fool me out to Head 'em.

*Const.* A Guard there.

*Du.* Silence ! Or you ne're speak more.  
I know the Reverence I owe a Father ;  
I'll no more violate you than an Altar ;  
But we may wipe away dirt from an Altar ;  
And I wou'd free you from this dirty World  
In whose foul Womb you labour like a Mole,  
And when you'r dragg'd into the Light of Innocence,  
You are sick, like things out of their Element.  
Since no persuasions then can make you Honest,  
Nor keep you Quiet, Locks and Walls shall do it,  
Both for my Prince's sake, and for your own.  
Into the Chair, so with me to the King.

*Const.* Oh ! Slave !

*Du.* Into the Chair.

*Const.* Priest-ridden Slave !  
Who all thy insipid Life hast been transfusing  
The sheepish thoughts of Priests into thy head,  
Dost know no way but what those wooden Hands  
Direct thee to.



*Du.* Into the Chair.

*Const.* I heard

A Lover, once in a Rapture, tell his Mistress  
Her Mother fed on Roses; sure when I  
Got thee I was confin'd to a milk diet.

*Du.* Into the Chair.

*Const.* I'll not into the Chair.

*Draws a long Tuck out of a Cane.*

I am provided for you, Sir; a Guard there. — *Enter a Guard.*  
Secure this Traytor here, he has disarm'd me  
To make escape; Now, Sir, I'll handle you.  
Bind him, and get the Wrack prepar'd with speed.

*The Guard Bind the Duke.*

Oh! thou Fool! Fool! ridiculous, vertuous Fool;  
I cannot speak my mind, I shall betray my self.  
Thou mightst have been King!

*Aside to the Duke.*

*Du.* A glorious Villain.

*Const.* Crown'd on that Scaffold where thy Head shall fall.

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Gu.* My Lord, the Wounded Princess does desire  
Admission to the Duke, she says she has  
Some things of Consequence she wou'd reveal.

*Const.* They are guilty then? and she is a Strumpet, —  
Admit her. —

*Enter Louize in a Chair, her Woman helps her out.*

*Lou.* Oh! My Lord.

*Du.*

*Du.* Helper, she faints!  
In such fair Ruines Heaven would have lain  
If the ill Angels had subdu'd the good.

*Lon.* Oh!

*Du.* Such a Groan a breaking Sphere wou'd give.

*Lon.* My Lord.

*Du.* How does my Love?

*Lon.* Exceeding ill;

And yet not ill enough for one whose sins  
Has brought such ills on you.

*Du.* Your Sins?

*Lon.* Oh yes!

My Pride and Jealousie did ruine both of us;  
'Twas wicked Sacrilege to let hot Rage  
Melt down your Golden Image in my mind.

*Du.* Your Love, which never wander'd once from me  
Where it was born, doe's talk of me as those  
Do of their Native Country's who ne're travel'd.  
I cannot talk or think too much of you;  
The thoughts you Lov'd me once, will make me think my self  
Above an Angel, and this sight of you  
Make me disrelish all the Heavenly Visions.  
I say this openly before the World;  
I scorn to tarry till we meet in Death  
And whisper it behind the Globe in private.

*Du.* Did e're till now two Lovers find such Joys:  
In the cold barren space between two Worlds?  
How do these Pleasures guild the Gates of Death,  
Make pleasant Walkes to lead up to the Shades?

*Const.* This is the Innocent Pair.

*Lon.* Unnatural Tyrant!

My Soul is often comming to my Wound,  
And seeing you, start's back, and think's you Hell.

*Const.* I find your Wound has much corrupted Blood in't.

*Lon.* I faint.

*Du.* Oh! help.

*Lon.*

*Lon.* Farwell, thou Paradise;  
 I'me driven from thee by a Flaming Sword,  
 And for the sin of *Eve*, believing Lyes,  
 But to a better World than *Eve* was chas't,  
 To Heaven! There's one, no doubt: for were there none,  
 There wou'd be one o' purpose made for you. — *Dyes.*

*Du.* She's going! She's gone! whilst th' iron Hand  
 Of Death, broke this fair Diamond in pieces,  
 What Sparks flew round, each Richer than a World?

*Enter the Dauphin.*

*Daup.* What do I see! Oh! Torment! Torment! Hell!  
 How durst you suffer this?

*Canst.* Sir, she desir'd  
 Admission on pretence she wou'd Confess,  
 And only came to Dye in his Embraces.

*Daup.* Oh! Hot *Egyptian* Lust! a Lust which burn's  
 In Damp's of Death, and makes the Grave a Brothel.  
*Vendosme!* You till this Moment, like a Torrent,  
 Have born me down like a small floating Weed,  
 But here you shall run under Ground for ever.

*Du.* But I shall rise again in *Paradise*,  
 Where I shall mixe with this Pure Stream for ever.  
 But Sir, you take his Life who gave you Yours.

*Daup.* Thou give me Life? Yes, as the Crows and Ravens  
 Give me my Eyes, they dare not pick e'm out.  
 Thou Buzzard durst not light on me an Eagle,  
 For thy last Perch thou knew'st wou'd be a Gibbet.

*Du.* Sir, I'll boldly tell you more; In me  
 You fling away the Fortune of the Kingdom.

*Daup.* If *France's* Fortune be so Beggarly,  
 Then I do well to fling it on a Dunghil.

*Du.* The Crown you hope to Heir, hang's on this Arm.

*Daup.* I'd scorn to wear a Feather that had hung  
 On such a Pin.

*Du.*



*Du.* That Scorn, a Rod shall Scourge,  
Cut from the Cypress that shall shade my Tombe.  
Shortly you'll strive to make another me  
Out of my Dust, mingled with all my Tears,  
And all your Souls: But my proud Dust will flight you.  
My loss is nothing but a World, which alwayes  
Appear'd to me, a painted treacherous Whore,  
That lead's to Hell the Fools and Knaves that love her,  
And is a Hell to the Brave Men that scorn her.

*Daup.* Sir, for the Satisfaction of the World  
You must confess your Crimes.

*Du.* You know us Innocent.

*Daup.* How dar'st thou tell me this? Dost thou not see  
That Wrack there? Ha! —

*Du.* Yes, and I see 'tis Wood,  
A Limb of some old fallen Son of Earth;  
And I will not be made to speak a Falshood  
By any Sons of Earth, or Sons of Kings.

*Daup.* Intollerable! lead him to the Wrack.

*Exit Duke with a Guard.*

*Const.* You see how faithfully I've serv'd you, Sir.

*Daup.* Against your Son. —

*Const.* Yes, Sir, I've gone indeed  
Against the stream of Nature to serve you.

*Daup.* Can I then think thou wilt be true to me?  
If thou could'st go so easily to Mischiefe,  
When thou wert shackled with the Chains of Nature,  
How swiftly wilt thou run when thou art free?  
Know Fool, I've made thee work thy own destruction,  
I've thrown thee at thy Son, and made you dash  
Each other in pieces like two Earthen Vessels.

*Con.* Ha! did you mean by Favours which you promis'd me,  
Only to make me Hangman to my Son?

*Da.* Princes no more shou'd keep their words with Villains  
Than Priests with Hereticks.

*Const.*

*Const.* Oh ! Horrour ! horrour !

I have fed your Revenge with my Blood's Quint-essence,  
The Blood of him I got in my hot Youth,  
And now you break your League, and seek my Life.

*Daup.* I scorn thy wither'd Life, let it drop from thee,  
Thy wickedness can do no further Mischief,  
Except it work Confusion in the Heavens,  
And make the Sun with horrour hide his Head.  
But Nature now is us'd to barbrous deeds,  
They do not scare her into dire Miscarriages,  
Nor make her Womb conceive unshapen Prodigies :  
Now thou maist eat thy Son, the Prince of Day  
Is hardy grown, and will not faint and look  
As girlish as he did at *Atreus* Feast.  
Perhaps that Eye of Day is dimme with Age,  
Then live, but live in quiet. — *Guard secure him.*

*Const.* Oh ! Ruine ! Death ! I've torn my Bowels out  
To hoyle my self into this Tyrants Favour,  
And I've only made my Fall more deadly.  
Hoys'd did I call it ? rather, then I fell,  
When I became a Man, to be a Great One,  
Became a Dog to wear a Silver Collar.  
I am a Dog, and I am running mad  
With drinking the hot Blood of my own Young.

*Daup.* Ha ! What mean's this ?

*An Alarm. Enter Brisac.*

*Brisac.* The Duke of *Vendosm's* Troops.  
Are by our treacherous Guards let in upon us ;  
That, Sir, you have no safety but in Flight.

*Daup.* Oh Villaines !

*Const.* Oh ! most seasonable Rogues !

*Daup.* Oh Villaines !

*Const.* Oh ! most seasonable Rogues !

*Daup.*

*Daup.* I'll fall on 'em be the event what it will.  
That Prince who fear's deserves not to be fear'd,  
Nor to be greater than that Man who dares  
Do greater things than he. Secure that Traytor.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Great Constable, La Force, young Captains; the Dauphin, and Brisac Prisoners.*

*Const.* Oh! you brave Heroe's, greater each than *Brutus*,  
He but repair'd, you build your Country's Freedom:  
Till now, a *Frenchman*, scarce deserv'd to come  
Into the presence of a *Roman* Statue.

*La Ma.* I find the *Constable* will be the man,  
I am resolv'd I will chop in with him.  
My Lord, I beg your pardon for past Errours,  
I find the Court has injur'd both of us:  
I'll gladly serve you with my Life and Fortune  
If you'll accept of 'em.

[*Aside.*

*Const.* In my condition  
I shall have great occasion for a Rascal,  
Therefore I will accept thee.

*La Ma.* I will serve you.

*Exit.*

*1. Capt.* Where is the *Duke*?

*Const.* Ay! there's the question,  
Here in this slaughter-house is a torn Wretch,  
Some say is he; his Father know's him not.

*All.* How? a torn Wretch?

*Const.* Ah! Sirs, cou'd you collect  
In one dire figure all the ghastly Horrors  
E're cover'd Field, after the bloodiest Battel,  
When one vast paleness spreads the Earth's green Table,  
And Faces folded up in different Grinnes,  
With barbarous Ornament adorn it round,  
And Bodies pil'd prepare a gluttonous Feast  
For Birds and Beasts of prey, it wou'd not be  
So terrible a sight as this I shew you.

N

The



*The Scene drawn, The Duke is shew'd wrack'd,  
Louize dead by him.*

*All.* Oh! Horrour! Fire the *Louvre*!

*La For.* Proclaim Liberty;

Freedom is born, Christen it with Tyrant's blood.

*Du.* Hold! I command you, hold.

*La For.* What's your will?

*Du.* My will is you refine, and turn *Barbarians*!

What Savage Nation in the World, retains not

In the disfigured mass of Humane Nature

Reverence to Princes? If it be too hard

To be as polish'd as *Barbarians*,

Be but as good and honest as tame Beasts,

They're gentle and submissive to their Masters;

But if you will be Men, Subjects, and Souldiers,

Fall at your Prince's Feet, and ask him pardon,

Or throw me dead at yours, do one of 'em,

Or in small time, I'll throw you dead at mine,

For I have loyal Troops that will obey me.

*Const.* His pains distract him.

*La For.* What do you mean, my Lord?

You have had great Injuries.

*Du.* What's that to you?

But I've had none: My present sufferings

Are what appearances gave warrant for.

*i. Capt.* You are wrong'd,

And do not rob your self of just Revenge.

*Du.* Nor shall you all here rob me of my Honour,

Though like base Thieves you watch your opportunity

When I am all o' fire, and laid in Ruines.

*Const.* He's mad! stark raving mad, Sir's do not mind him.

*Du.* Ho! Guard! convey me to my loyal Troops,

Those shall obey me, imprison me, or kill me.

*All.* We kneel, we kneel! We beg your Highness pardon.

*Du.*

*Du.* Now seize my Father — *All kneel to the Dauphin.*

*Daup.* Was e're Man so Brave — *Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The King is coming higher.

*Du.* Meet him all,  
And fall at his Feet.

*The Dauphin, Brisac, and the Captains go out, Shouts within. After a pause all re-enter, following the King.*

*K.* The Truth appears too late ! Oh ! thou rash youth !  
Thou hast destroy'd the joys of both our Lives,  
A noble innocent Pair ! for they are Innocent !  
Bring in the Traytors who destroy'd 'em both.

*Enter some with La Guard.*

*La Gu.* Oh ! Bloud ! Bloud follow's me, I'll confess all,  
And beg for Death, no Hell like a bad Conscience.  
The Princess was contracted to the Duke  
Long e're the Dauphin lov'd her.

*Daup.* How ? Contracted ?

*La Gu.* Yes Sir ; but e're they cou'd compleat the Marriage,  
You sent away the Duke, to aid the Germans  
Against the Turks, in the mean while your Passion  
For her began ; the Constable perceiving it,  
Hoping to draw the Duke from his Allegiance,  
Knowing that no Temptation else cou'd do it,  
Brib'd me, and others, wicked as my self,  
To aid him, in obtaining her for You.  
We counterfeited the Duke's Hand exactly,  
And wrote in it provoking Letters to her,  
Then we invented Lyes of the Duke's falshood,  
And by these Arts so turn'd her haughty mind,  
That she soon hated him, and lov'd your Highness.  
When this was done, the Constable compell'd me  
To lay his tricks and forgeries on you.

Then went and kindled a fierce jealousy in you,  
And brought you on th' unhappy innocent pair,  
When they were only mourning for their wrongs.

*Daup.* O ! horrid ! horrid !

*Const.* Oh ! notorious falshood !

*La Gu.* The truth shall out, Sir, the vile *Constable*  
Lodg'd all these villainous Secrets in my Bosom.

*K.* Was ever such a Villain ?

*Const.* Every Man

Is such a Villain, who is not a Fool.

Had that damn'd Son been Lord of half my wit,  
He had this hour been Lord of all the Kingdom.  
To shew the difference in our Understandings,  
Mine wou'd have made him King, his noble Wit  
Has made himself a very gallant Fellow.

*Pointing scornfully to the Duke.*

*K.* No, thy unnatural Villany wrought this.

*Const.* I own I twisted all those various Cables  
To drag that lump of Lead up to a Throne,  
And he has broke 'em all. Indeed there is  
Too much already of that drossy Metal  
Over the State ; the Church is always cover'd with it,  
And I design'd to melt it down, and place  
On top of Church and State rich Gold, my self ;  
But dragging him up with me, broke my Pulleys.

*K.* Impudent arrogance !

*Const.* A Corpse, they say,  
Carried to Sea, does always breed a Storm.  
I waisting this dead Fool o're to a Kingdom,  
Have shipwrack'd all the Glories I was laden with.

*K.* Away with him.

*Du.* Pray give him, Sir, his Life, (slaves ?

*Const.* How ? hast thou thrown me on hooks, as *Turks* do  
Then would'st thou have me hang alive in torments ?

No,



No, I will rather have my Limbs feed Crows,  
Then poorly live to be the scorn of Fools.  
For a wise Man the Image of a God,  
To creep to Fools, scarce Images of Men ;  
I'll as soon worship golden Calves with *Jews*,  
Or with the *Sumatrans* a Monkeys Tooth.  
My Glory, that ha's kept me ever waking,  
Is out, now send me t' eternal darkness.  
And young man, do you pray, pray heartily,  
Be sure you get to Heaven, for if your piety  
Shou'd crack, and let you fall to Hell where I am,  
I'll plague you worse than all the Devils there.

[*Ex.*

K. What a black *Demon* had I ne're my Throne ?

*Enter La Marre.*

*La Ma.* Now will I fix my self.  
The *Constable* a Prisoner !

*Daup.* Seize that fellow.  
You shall be hang'd, Sir.

*La Ma.* Oh ! Sir.

*Daup.* Yes, Sirrah, you are a great Rogue.

*La Ma.* You wou'd not hang me were I a great Rogue.  
Well 'tis as foolish to play Villany  
As Money, with a Man of a great Stock,  
He can throw out and out, and still play on,  
We once throw out, we are thrown to the Devil,  
Whither they come at last, for when all's done  
The Devil's Box get's all.

*Daup.* My poor *Louize*.

K. Noble Youth !

Hast thou had such great wrongs, yet give my Son  
His Life, and me my Crown ?

*Du.* Princes are sacred,  
What e're Religion Rebels may pretend,  
Murderers of Kings are Worshippers of Devils,

For

For none but Devils are worshipt by such Sacrifices,  
 They who derive all Power from the People,  
 Do basely basterdise it with that Buckler  
 Which fell from Heaven to protect Innocence.  
 They protect Villany; No sacrilege  
 Greater, then when a Rebel with his Sword  
 Dare's cut the hand of Heaven from King's Commissions,  
 To hide the Devil's mark upon his own.  
 I lifted up my Arm against the Dauphin,  
 It ought to have dy'd and rotted in the Air.

*Daup.* I fully pardon you.

*Du.* Then I dye joyfully.

*K.* Talk't thou of Dying?

*Du.* I received two Wounds

In the last Battle, Sir, upon my Breast,

Which now are torn far into Deaths Dominions.

*The Duke shows his Breast bloody.*

*K.* Oh! miserable Sight!

*Da.* Oh! blasting Sight!

*K.* Here falls a Pharaoh's Tower, Ephesian Temple,  
 The Cost of Ages, Wonder of Eternity;

*Duke.* You guild a vanishing Shadow. —

May I have leave, Sir, — *To the Dauphin.*

To sleep in Death by her who was your Princess?

But in the Grave there's no Propriety,

In Death's dark ruinous Empire all ye's waste.

*Daup.* You shall have that, and all besitting Honours.

*Duke.* Then come cold Bride to my as cold Embrace,  
 The Grave's our Bed, and Death our Bridal-Night,  
 None will disturb, or envy our Delight. —

*Ex.*

**THE**



# THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Haines*, who Acted *La Marre*.

**F**inding *sad Plays* so good success have had ;  
To make this *Tragedy* exceeding sad,  
The Author doom'd me to be hang'd to Night ;  
But now I hop'd I shou'd be hang'd our right.  
For I've three plagues no flesh and blood can bear,  
I am a Poet, Married, and a Player.  
A Wife ha's e're since Eve been thought an evil,  
The first that danc'd at Weddings was the Devil.  
At the first Wedding all Mankind miscarried,  
Old Adam ne're was wicked 'till he married.  
And Poetry of curses never fail'd:  
Homer his Rags on all his race entail'd.  
He was an old blind Beggar and so poor,  
He starv'd the Dog that led him, and the Curie  
To have revenge on Poets, got in spite  
Criticks, who worry all that dare to write.  
But 'till of late a Player was a toy  
That either sex lik'd well enough, & enjoy ;  
Happy the Spark that cou'd a Night carouse  
With a whole Sharer once of either House.  
Nay Women once in our acquaintance crept ;  
You hardly will believe me, ——— I was kept.  
But I, and all of us, are fallen so low ;  
Nothing will keep us but Bum-Bailiffs now.

*Now*



Now no divertisement do'es pleasure bring,  
The Pope ha's set his foot in ev'ry thing.  
His Priests and Poets have conspir'd our fall,  
Priests by bad Plots, Poets by none at all.  
And Poets like the Jesuits of the times,  
Will hang and damn e're they will own their Crimes.  
Like Fryar Bacon's Brazen Head, they'l speak  
Just what they please and then in peices break.  
Yus strange fond Nature often takes great pains,  
To build Brass Fore-heads to defend no brains.  
Well, Sirs, damn Plays and Poets as you please,  
But pray support a Play-house for your ease.  
Ladies some Journeys to Hide Park may spare,  
Our empty Play-House ha's enough fresh Air.  
And Gallants pray support us not for Plays,  
But to find Ladies here in rainy days.

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FINIS.

